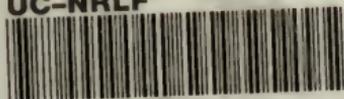


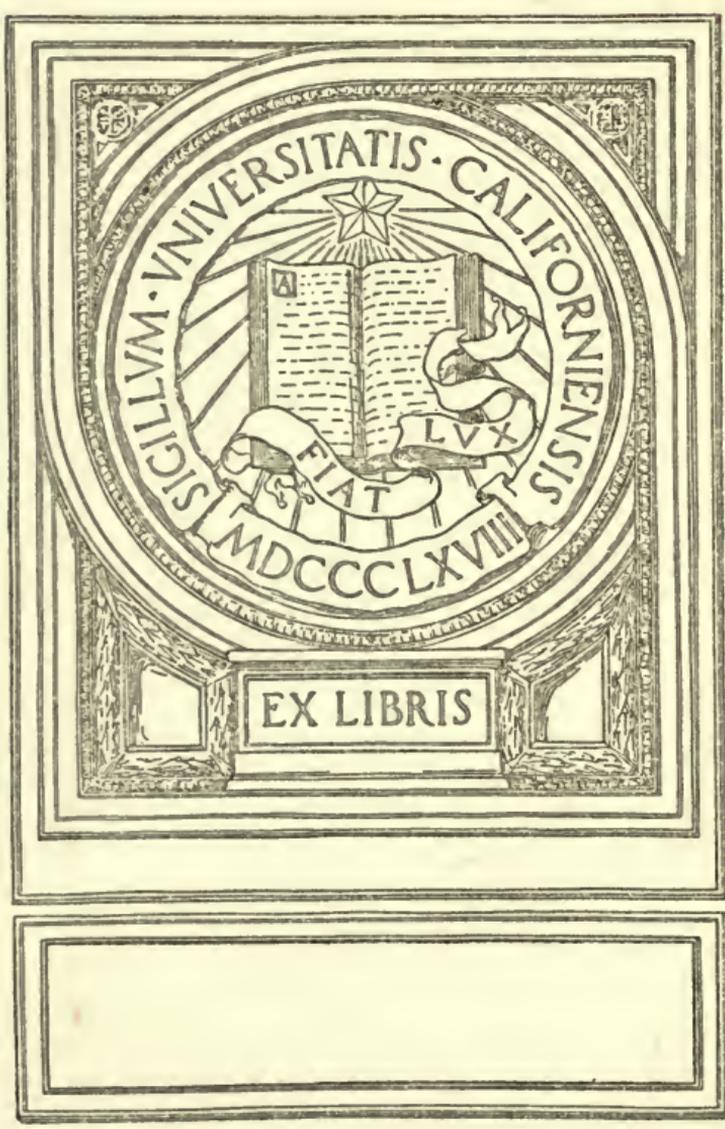
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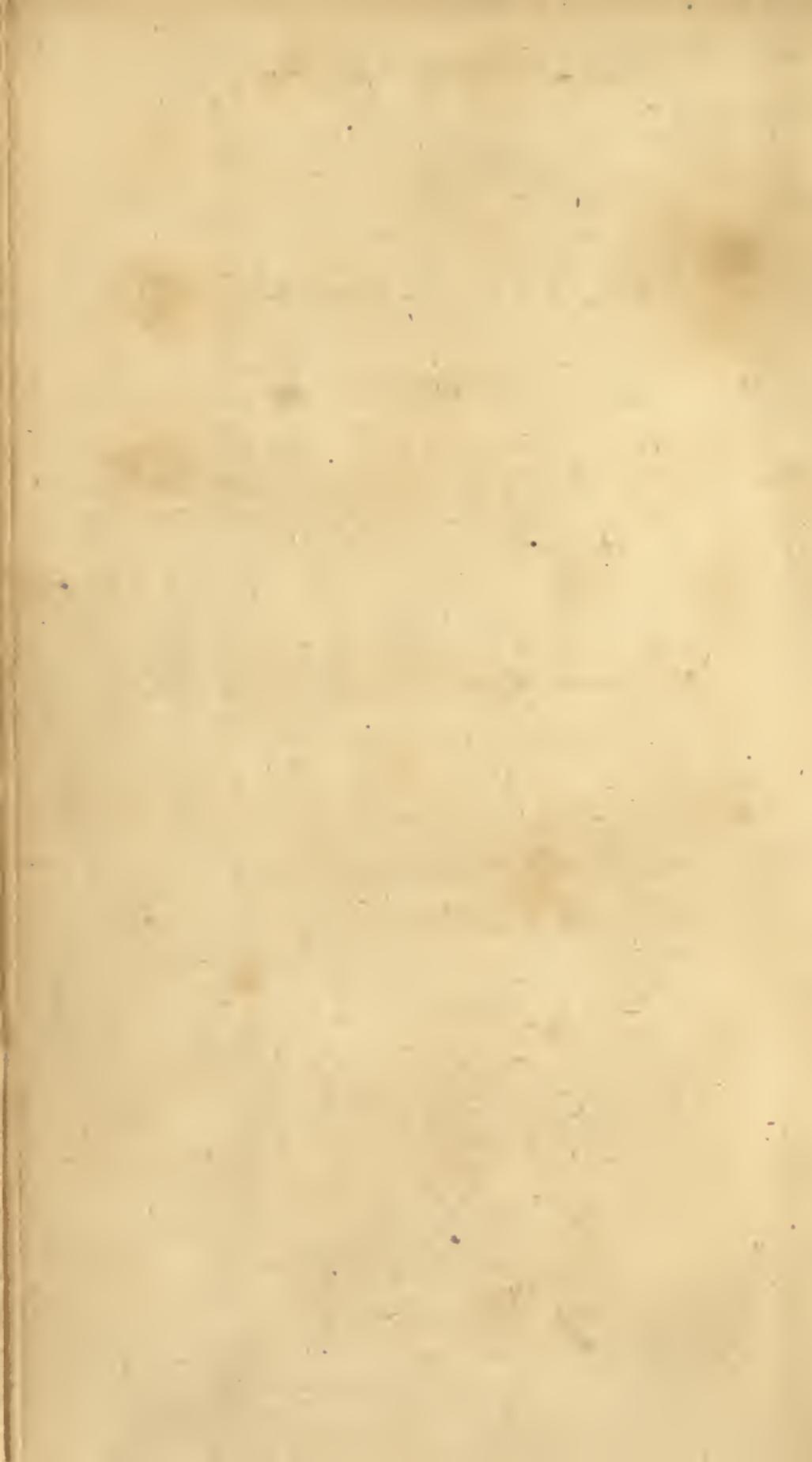
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ORIGINAL POEMS,
ON
A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS,
INTERSPERSED
WITH TALES;
FORMING
THE LARGEST MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION
EVER PUBLISHED
BY AN AMERICAN AUTHOR.

BY ROBERT FRANCIS ASTROP,
OF BRUNSWICK, VA.

PHILADELPHIA:
E. L. CAREY & A. HART

1835.

953
A 85

ENTERED according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1835, by
ROBERT FRANCIS ASTROP, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court
of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

ERRATA.

- On page 46, Bonaparte's Complaint, 4th line, for "rush," read *ruth*.
" " 47, 24th line from the top, for "unknown the strife," read
unknown strife.
" " 84, 23d line from the top, for "loved wealth," read "loved
a wealth."
" " 111, for "Virginia Meditation," read "Virginia *Mediation*."



P R E F A C E .

IT is, indeed, with a considerable degree of diffidence that the Author of this little volume presents himself before the Public—still he does it quite deprived of those advantages which, in many instances, so directly hand an author to notice and to fame. He has no great literary characters to recommend his work, and no interested press to trumpet his praises.

For notice and for encouragement, he alone depends on that degree of genius and worth which a liberal and impartial Public may deem him possessed of.

He writes more for pleasure than necessity—more through a *natural inclination*, than a thirst for fame; and desires, above every thing, to please and amuse. His heart, like that of every other man, is sometimes gay and sometimes sad, and so are his writings.

A love of country, and all those proud characters and events connected with the present greatness of America, have ever been his favourite themes—and he hopes his touches on those subjects, if they kindle not the fire of patriotism in the ardent breast, will, at least, interest for the moment.

His TALES were intended to amuse, and if they impart to the Reader, in their perusal, half the pleasure enjoyed by the Author in their composition, he will, indeed, be happy.

Can he but remove one care of the wretched, or sooth, for one moment, the mind of the unhappy, or, for a period, give an innocent employment to the time of the idle—his labours he will consider doubly repaid, and his aim fully accomplished.

The Author is much chagrined that the names of Subscribers came in too late to be inserted in his work;—the obligations which they have conferred will cease to be remembered only when his heart shall cease to move.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

EXTRACT FROM PRESIDENT WASHINGTON'S SPEECH, IN CONGRESS, 1789.

No people ought be bound Him to adore,
That rules the fate of men, the wide world o'er,
Than we ; the blessed heirs of liberty,
By Him from bondage, from the tyrant free.
In every step, thus far, His hand is seen,
Distinguished by some stroke of goodness been,
In this, our road of Independence ; and
All the events that dignify our land :
In that long war, by which we are unbound,
In our deliberations he was found.
Unanimous we were : this marks a God ;
An all protecting, all according Lord.
This greatest Cause ; who did our fabric raise,
Demands our earliest love, our purest praise.
Also, thus far, I trust, you'll join with me ;
That now, no greater friend to us can be
Than He.—All join to love this common Friend :
Then will our independence have no end.

TEAGUE'S HARANGUE.

I think ; an't plase your honor sirs,
A Tar has times as rough as fears,
Enduring weather, hunger, thirst,
'Sides all sea dangers, last and first,
And wind and tide. I think it's hard
'That 'ported sailors can't be spared :
Rain, storm, and hail, so late passed through,
Man's face should yield some sunshine too ;
Not like a speaking dumb beast sold,—
Right scarcely goes with power or gold.
If you get rich by selling life,
Your portion will be want and strife.

If slaves, or masters, is the boon,
 Why not with whip, and golden spoon
 These are born—with fetters those
 For brogues, and iron chains for clothes?
 Without a tongue, or pair of jaws,
 Since they can't use them by the laws?
 If I had known this much beside,
 I would have fought ye till I died.
 To be a dog, is all you give;
 I cannot bear it, as I live.
 But look ye, friends, all hands on deck;
 This muckle arm is not a wreck.
 As I'm a Christian, I am free,
 And by my heart's blood, still will be.
 You shall my arm from body tear,
 Ere your vile chains again I'll wear.
 What is a body without arms?
 What is life without its charms?

HOPE.

The proudest nations round us lie;
 Friends forsake, relations die.
 Perhaps we're deaf, or lame, or blind,
 Fortune ceases to be kind:
 Diseases threat the vital part,
 Life is ready to depart;
 Where never man e'er lived before,
 We, unfearing, dare explore:
 To heaven, by which no soul e'er went,
 Hope may say, we shall be sent.
 Acting thus, we ne'er shall die—
 This all nature gives the lie.
 'Tis Hope that points our better end,
The only good, deceiving friend.
 He can deceive, and act his part,
 Can cheer the dying wretch's heart;
 But oft Despair, his angry foe,
 Will him disarm, and strike his blow;
 Yet, even when his friendship swerves,
 He oft the trembling Coward serves;
 He flits away, as with the breath,
 And screens the wretch from else his death.
 What is courage, but kind hope?
 What is faith, the Christian's prop?
 'Tis naught but Hope, but hope more strong;
 Am I, Christians, right or wrong?
 Our best friend, beneath the skies,
 To keep his friendship, be thou wise—

He ne'er deserts the Christian road,
 But points directly towards God.
 His presence there is ever sure—
 Your presence there he quits no more :
 Hope or despair must hold our reins—
 How blest he who this pathway gains!

ON THE EXISTENCE OF A GOD.

FROM A SERMON.

An atheist will this confess, at least,
 That works, as these, a living cause attest ;
 That this creation, in a single word,
 Displays effects, a cause, and this is God.
 To finite creatures, to dispose is given—
 Creation, life, is but the work of heaven.
 Like produces likeness, nature says,
 And good produces good in all her ways ;
 Through all the chain, of which we are a link,
 This law holds good with those who well do think.
 Pursuing this, from whence it first began,
 We see that angel ne'er created man ;
 Neither can say, without blasphemy meant,
 He's self-created, or by accident.
 Why never see, if in this latter way,
 Mankind thus forming at the present day ?
 Why do we never see the clods of earth
 Brightening into life, in human birth ?
 Why never see the dust beneath our feet,
 Intelligently move, with life complete ?
 Moving around in animated forms,
 In all the spheres of self-created worms ?
 Admit that those created, could these live,
 Could they preserve, if they existence give ?
 A God there is—a God therefore must be,
 Uncaused, complete, from like dependence free.
 Let only man, the soul of man evince
 This purest truth, dictate of common sense,—
 Improving here from brute, to angel there,
 Of all perfection, amply it may share.
 Boundless, inconceivable, none will dispute
 That these great branches have yet a greater root.
 Amazing soul ! amazement must produce
 To view itself, to see what truths adduce.
 Fancy, how wonderful a part of all !
 For some ordained to stand, for some to fall :
 On silken wings, in one small moment flies
 Around, below, up to, above the skies ;

We back can fly, and live all ages o'er,
 Or forward go, and see the world no more!
 Receding still, we view ere time began,
 And onward see eternity with man.
 Whence then these powers, if not from goodness, God?
 If not from wisdom, from infinite Lord?

SCRAPS FOR A MOMENT'S MELANCHOLY.

I.

Recede: thou treadest on a spot
 That holds the virtuous dead;
 His fate will early be thy lot,
 'Thou wilt as he has fled.

II.

His virtues were surpassed by none,
 Religion's prize he early won;
 Here rests his body on the sod—
 His soul is dwelling with her God.

III.

Alas! I'm gone; I'm far away—
 What I was, only God must say.

IV.

My love is dead! this marks the place
 That holds the better of her race.

V.

The eye that reads my small record,
 Like mine, must shortly view its Lord.

VI.

No ill he ever done to man,
 And peaceably with God he ran.
 This is the tribute of a friend
 That knew his Christ-like life and end.

VII.

Alone he perished, on a foreign shore,
 But strangers wept his sad departure o'er.

VIII.

Ye generations, yet to rise!
 Permit this stone be in his stead:
 'Tis all of him, beneath the skies,
 That once was born, and now is dead.

IX.

The prey of an untimely death,
 The little Infant lies beneath;
 Scarce had the flower reared its head,
 Ere the Monster struck it dead!
 Forbear to weep, ye luckless pair!
 Prepare to meet your Infant there.
 This life no pleasure can impart;
 Be yours alike its spotless heart.
 Enraptur'd see your life begun,
 And smile in death, as he has done.

X.

Here lie together in a common heap,
 The ashes of the husband and the wife:
 Together walked they up the rugged steep,
 The most deserving that e'er met in life.
 They lived as one; and Death marked out his prey—
 They died as one, as one, beneath they lie.

 THE NORWEGIAN MAELSTROM.

Timid, even from this distance see,
 From this small bark, the monster of the sea;
 So ravenous, that whatso'er comes near
 Its greedy jaws must grasp an ample share.
 Norwegian Maelstrom! axle of the world,
 Round which all matter seems convolving whirled;
 Machine of this great speck, the awful wheel;
 Its roar steals on, what can exceed the peal!
 Awe-struck in thy presence, beast, fish, bird,
 And e'en the daring Sailor here has feared—
 Hist! now I hear the bellowings of the whale;
 He is vortexed: his struggling efforts fail!
 He giddy feels the still increasing pow'r,
 The gaping pit impatient to devour.
 Alas he goes! his cries die on the wave,
 He sinks for ever in the howling grave!
 As souls condemned to everlasting wo,
 He falls unaided; nature wills it so.
 When storms arise all horrors' mart is here,
 And warning matter fills itself with fear.
 Vortexes round, in imitation leap,
 Whirlwinds convulse the bowels of the deep.—
 Lo! while I'm painting, see a storm come on!
 A storm! a storm! then fly, or we're undone.
 Ye trembling sailors! why do you delay?
 Hoist, hoist your sails, and float us far away.

Are we not gone? our leaky bark recoils!—
 Before, behind, the roaring billow boils—
 No, we are safe; our anxious pray'r prevails,
 Our growing fear in joy and thanks exhales.

SOLEMN REMEMBRANCES.

I.

Columbus, whose enlightened mind
 Conceived this refuge for mankind.

II.

Columbus, whose prophetic eye,
 Saw freedom in the western sky.

III.

Our fathers, who alas are dead!
 Who, to freedom from oppression fled;
 Who planted us on this blest shore,
 To be free, and slaves no more.

IV.

Our fathers, who when Britain came
 To blast our freedom and our name,
 Rescued their sons, tho' yet unborn,
 From the jealous tyrant's frown.

V.

Washington, who led the band
 That drove the spoilers from our land,
 Who reared our shed of liberty,
 Who chose to die or to be free!

VI.

Our sires of Independence Hall,
 Who pledged their lives for thee and me,
 Who swore to sacrifice their all,
 Or live and conquer and be free.

VII.

To every one who ever died,
 Or fought for liberty;
 Success to every one beside
 Who wishes to be free.

AGREED SAY ALL.

I.

He, who liberty would not defend,
Let it to him be shortly at an end.

II.

If tyrants should outdo and seize our lands
Let's die; yes die, with muskets in our hands.

III.

Let's have our liberty and wives,
The longest and the happiest lives.

IV.

Let's whisper in the monarch's ear :
" Brother forbear ; you shan't come here."

V.

If we will not defend, for which our sires bled,
Let others rise, more valiant in our stead.

VI.

Where is the tory ? let us call him Shoat ;
Let's barbacue him in a glass of Port.

APPROACH OF A STORM.

Have not the leaves begun to stir ?
Trembling, starting, as in fear !
I see a cloud in awful rage,
Peeping o'er the western ridge.
Again, more strong, the wind sweeps by,
The rattling leaves no longer sigh,
But like the redbreasts, swift as sight,
When hawks pursue, they take to flight.—
Lo ! what is that obscures the sun ?
The shade begins ; and now is done !
It is a cloud, now passing on,
Prophetical to climes unknown.
The thunder breaks upon the ear,
Its dreadful rumblings do I hear.
Again the voice rolls around,
Like the final trumpet's sound.
And, now, the lightning's transient streaks !
Again the thunder loudly breaks.
See how the craggy peaks arise,
Charging towards the purple skies.

Again the sun, the clouds obscure ;
 Again the sun, the clouds roll o'er,
 And fixing now, their sable chains,
 This dreary darkness still remains.
 And now to fall begins the rain ;
 And now the hail, and now again
 The wind sweeps o'er the stony plain
 And pebbles fall with hail and rain.
 The lofty shrubs are bent to, fro,
 Or shivered at a single blow.
 The air, the birds, the rolling sound,
 Seem to a single point all bound ;
 Confusedly rushing to one shore,
 Imperfect seen, and seen no more.
 And still the storm, tho' now so high,
 Rises roaring, far and nigh.
 The sky the lightnings rend in twain ;
 Still pours the flood, the clouds remain ;—
 The elements roar and rage anew,
 Each seems striving to outdo.
 Warring 'gainst their sister earth,
 A sister element by birth.
 What scenes now strike the roving eye !
 The works of nature prostrate lie ;
 But the Pow'r that laid them low,
 Can, again, their forms bestow.

CUSTOM.

By custom every thing is swayed,
 Nay, almost guided, might be said.
 The path of good becomes a bliss ;
 (Ills may mask the shade of this.)
 Use, may make this to be endured ;
 But its pleasure is never matured.
 The road to bliss so thorny is,
 Because the other way is his.
 He cannot know the gods that be,
 Because 'tis custom not to see.
 By habit we are saved or curst ;
 Then mind which road ye follow first :
 If you take the way to hell,
 Custom will your fears expel ;
 And if you choose the other way
 It is the same to watch and pray.
 Thinking this, which none dare say,
 (Equal joy is to each way)
 Our knowledge of the end of each,
 To choose the better will us teach.

Use will attend us to the end,
 Will be our enemy or friend.
 The law to govern then the heart
 Must come from ends, or from the start.
 Custom blinds the mental sight :
 We may be wrong, and think we're right.

ANGER.

Is blood thy aim, distorted fiend?
 Drink that of yours, and all beside !
 Thy headlong step curb, and secure
 Thy poison, till thy heat be o'er.
 But, then, thou art more dangerous. Who
 Can be companion or a friend to you ?
 Rave—rend the feelings of thy heart ;
 Thou pain to else canst not impart.
 I fear thee not, if reason rule
 A fool, for dealing with a fool.
 Could'st thou e'en hurl the skies on me,
 I would be safe as foolish thee.

TIME.

Time swiftly flits, so swift how shall I paint?
 Before we cannot go, he goes before.
 The present scarcely is, a thought consumes,
 And this small part, if such there be, our hope !
 We mark him by his loss ; he leaves a track
 To show that what is past cannot return ;
 Past ages felt his arm, all yet must feel :
 A moment leaves men poorer by a world !
 His step is meted by a second's breadth,
 Each footstep points a pleasure or a pain,
 Which conscience—death at last shall note us of,
 And God convince, or happiness or hell !
 We study how to spend, and while we muse
 He takes the theme, and shows us nearer death !
 He brings a living creature into life,
 And next he's noted cov'ring him with dust !
 Death, his attendant, his attendant life :
 So till eternity shall take his place.
 How precious is the gift, by Heaven designed
 To form our conduct for the life to come !
 Eternity is tracing fast his steps,
 And will ere long begin, with ending all,
 Opening the gate of justice far above.

CATARACT OF NIAGARA, N. A.

In dead, in algid silence hear,
 Niagara's Cataract; like the sound
 Of astral worlds upon the ear,
 If all were hurled together down!
 Nature aghast, starts back with fear;
 For see the air bows with the flood:
 An atheist durst not linger here,
 Or if he pauses owns a God.
 Urged by its prided grandeur on,
 Loaned by the King of earth and skies,
 Until contrition now anon
 Bids it not presumptuous rise;
 Obedient, then, in wan dismay,
 It bends its top in ruddy shame,
 And bright'ning with the source of day.
 Ingulfs its head, and owns its blame.
 Alike the truly great and brave,
 Resembling e'en that Pow'r on high,
 Not prone to injure, but to save;
 Ominous bids us not draw nigh.
 And, like that pow'r bends its bow,
 A covenant with trembling flesh,
 And does in magic colours show
 That, unpretentious man is safe.
 The mountain wall of adamant
 Sturdy as borean star,
 Opposes, but in vain; it can't,
 Worlds convulsed it cannot bar.
 Thy God ordained thee as a mark,
 That man, tho' great, is yet a worm;
 He braves the ocean in his bark,
 And yet in thee he cannot come.
 Were thou not seen where seas appear,
 More wond'rous than all lakes beside,
 More apt to chance, would man infer
 Puissance but to God allied.
 Here! here! in mazy wonder rest
 His optics swollen with amaze;
 These, these alone, a God attest;
 Be humble while you think or gaze,
 Turn—view Stromboli blazing far,
 And Etna, Andes, all on fire
 Hear their thunders, feel the jar,
 View the whirlwind's flaming spire.
 Set now at variance spheres of light,
 Infinitude's inhabitants,
 See them engage in eager fight,
 Each for glory, vengeance pants:

Warring worlds asunder burst,
 Rivers, mountains, oceans fall,
 Eruptions, earthquakes, lightning's erst;
 Great Niagara equals all.

LOGAN'S SPEECH.

- “ To any white man I appeal to say
 If Logan's but he ever entered dry,
 Or hungry, cold, and naked, came that way
 And he, his wants, rejected to supply.
- “ The war now past, so bloody and so long,
 Stirred not the foot of Logan from his door,
 An advocate for peace, accounted wrong,
 Still kept he idle, till ye fought no more.
- “ Such was my love for thee—my countrymen,
 By passing, pointed out the white man's friend;
 I had even thought of living with thee then,
 But by one man my love is at an end!
- “ The cruel Cresap lashed me from your side:
 Last spring he murdered all the bliss I knew!
 Cool, unprovoked. My kindred all have died!
 My babes! he killed them, and my women too:
- “ This called for vengeance, not in vain I sought:
 Killed have I many, sated is my thirst;
 Rejoice I at the peace to us now brought,
 But think not fear dictates to Logan thus.
- “ He never feared. What for can Logan fear?
 He would not turn upon his heel to live,
 When all is gone, which to him is most dear,
 What expectations can existence give?
- “ In other's veins, no blood of Logan flows!
 Last of his race, he withers all alone!
 Who to mourn for him of his friends or foes?
 Oh, hapless being; truth retorts—not one!”
-

THE RECLUSE.

In ancient age, the hermit's peaceful ways,
 Have busied the poet's pen, the critic's praise:
 Why not a modern, in an humble style,
 Attempt the theme, one moment to beguile?

The point intended he can't fall below ;
 Because too high he won't pretend to go.
 We choose our hero in an humble sphere,
 And hope you'll read, when better don't appear :—
 Young Ida was ambitious, virtuous, wise ;
 These known to all, that only in disguise,
 Great was his praise, but this would not suffice. }
 He deemed it little, for ambition's glass,
 Distorts the comely, lets the ugly pass.
 Concluded thus, disgusted at the thought,
 A mountain cave directly Ida sought :
 Determined there to spend his latter time,
 Known but to God, who would forgive his crime.
 With many tears, he parted from his friends,
 And found the place that suited well his ends.
 From year to year he fed on fruits that yield
 For man, profusely scattered o'er the field ;
 And drank the wine our mother earth distils,
 The healthful drink that murmurs in the rills.
 As nature writes, he reads a guardian King
 In worlds, in trees, in herbs, in every thing :
 Revolved the seasons, happy flew the hours,
 Almost without his notice as his powers ;
 Yet still a worm, corrosive at the root,
 Would often sap the joys of the shoot :
 His social part would dictate to him oft
 An Anchorite thus, he had God's mandates scoffed.
 To friends, to kindred, often wished to tread,
 But courage failed ; content came in its stead.
 This formed his doubts ; resolved therefore to stay,
 Unless the Lord should point another way ;
 Should by a messenger, directly sent,
 Communicate the truth, and God's intent,—
 As he, so many of the human race,
 On miracles their souls' salvation place.
 One morning, seated near his rocky cell,
 His usual seat, a stone from summit fell,
 The landscape smiled in every feature round,
 And gladness seemed to dictate every sound.
 Above his head the snow-crowned mountains rose,
 Reflects the sun, in sparkling diamonds glows :
 Great Sol himself exhibits full his disk,
 His piercing glances round him playful frisk ;
 The fogs no longer hang above his head,
 Before the zephyr, sprightly all had fled.
 The golden eagle scorned the magpie's size,
 Permitting her the borrowed song to rise :
 The gentle breeze flowed through the hills beneath,
 Waived the towering stems, and fanned the quivering
 heath.

To Ida lovely every thing appeared
 But man:—himself his common censure shared.
 He saw the beasts commingle at their sports,
 The birds, responsive, sing their cheerful notes :
 United by nature in society,
 In bands of love, and genial harmony.
 Thought he, why not I dwell among my kind ?
 Know but their virtues, to their vices blind ?
 This pierced his soul, he groaned a contrite sigh,
 Withdrew his eyes, and looked towards the sky,
 When lo ! a form descending, caught his view—
 An angel 'twas, the heavenly face he knew.
 He reached the spot, and bowing to the earth,
 Young Ida owned his far inferior birth.
 “ Rise up, ye mortal,” spake the shade divine ;
 “ Immortal I, but less perfection mine.
 Thy Maker sends me—only him adore,
 To teach what mankind never knew before :
 Thy doubts dispel, and lead again to use
 Those talents yours, now rusting in abuse.
 Rise up, ascend, from mortal bonds be free ;
 Away, away, directly follow me.”
 On pinions borne, above the reach of eye,
 The hermit and the angel reach the sky.
 A realm extended, without end or shade—
 “ That is eternity,” the spirit said.
 Crowds on crowds, like rolling waves advance,
 Urged on by Time, and every other chance,
 Through numerous gates, go in the boundless room,
 There to receive their everlasting doom.
 The Angel said, “ Behold the many doors
 That mortals choose to quit the earthly shores ;
 Few enter those that lead to endless bliss ?
 Make thy comments especially on this.”
 “ I feel,” said Ida, “ my commission here
 Is to make truth, now darken'd, plain appear :
 To teach mankind that nothing is the name,
 If Christ their guide, their bliss will be the same.
 Here all denominations join in soul,
 Each from his Saviour has his happy dole ;
 To learn and tell to human nature, too,
 How many do a dreadful track pursue,
 Which leads to that abyss so horrid there,
 Whose entrance is a vista of despair ;
 And o'er that gate, through which so many go,
 Intemperance is wrote, and leads below !
 Some eager there to take their latest bound,
 Some in unconsciousness more dreadful—drowned :
 Some careless what may be their avenue,
 Drawn by the current, do that stream pursue,

And plunge unheeded in the dark extent,
 That cautious reason only might prevent."
 "Yes, thou art right," the holy saint replied,
 "No longer view; enough thou hast espied.
 Return to earth, to dust, to cities speed,
 And teach mankind as thou the knowledge heed."

THE SEA OF EXISTENCE AND VOYAGE OF LIFE.

I found myself upon Life's sea,
 As those before me told—
 (Life's voyage through to this a key,
 If I may be so bold.)
 I knew not why or whence I was,
 Nor cared I when I knew,
 Till future years, as Feeling does,
 Brought Interest in view.
 I saw the sky, I felt the air,
 Millions beside me, too,
 And thought, of course, these things were there,
 But knew the cause of few.
 Behind me was but to be seen
 The sea, the rocks, and shoals—
 Was told amongst them I had been,
 Beside all other souls.
 I was astonished at the sight,
 Escaped I knew not how:
 To me before had been no light,
 No thought, no sense till now.
 My guides were sailing far ahead,
 Them plainly could I hear
 Admonish me, as though they led
 Where dangers threatened near.
 Along this track themselves had sailed,
 Therefore they knew it well:
 They told where ills had them assailed—
 Of storms and calms did tell;
 But many had no special guide,
 Though with me on this stage,
 And others who their aid denied,
 Though dangers round them rage.
 On Providence's barques we were,
 Had been since we were born;
 Designed by Reason's star to steer,
 While Time propelled us on.
 Behind me rocks and gulfs decoyed,
 Thousands before, around,
 Alike by different means destroyed,
 Alike were wrecked and drowned.

Death stared with boldness in each face,
 For each was laid a snare,
 To stop his victims in this place,
 When not forewarned by Care.
 I recollect that Childhood's Coast
 Was strewn with many a toy,
 Which lured unsparing, host on host,
 Which flattered to destroy.
 We swiftly moved before the wind,
 Although we scarcely knew,
 And far the Isles we left behind
 Were dwindling out of view.
 Before us hung a dark domain,
 Unpierced by any eye;
 Keen Penetration stared in vain—
 The veil Futurity.
 Experience and precedent
 Presented us a mart,
 Our Guides, our Parents kindly lent,
 Could lead the doubting heart.
 With Providence, on which we lean,
 Whose means our lives support;
 If we allow, would bright the scene,
 And steer us safe to port.
 Death, swift as Time, harassed us sore,
 Though here he smiled delay—
 Less frequent he, but yet more sure,
 He hovered o'er our way.
 I saw him seize so many, O!
 Some just as life looked bright—
 And sink them, for God willed it so,
 To everlasting night.
 Some few eluded his mad chase,
 Some Nature made so strong,
 That they protracted off the race,
 But all submit ere long!
 Stern Education's strict control
 Yet bound my heart and hand—
 Her laws were to aright the soul,
 Her office to command.
 Assisted by my Parents dear,
 She taught my will her rules,
 Until gay Manhood had drawn near,
 When ardent Nature cools.
 No mortal could express my wo,
 No fancy can suffice,
 When both my Parents, at a blow,
 Were sunk no more to rise.
 A Guard, 'tis true, was given me,
 Alas! but not as they—

Too-often I, from Caution free,
 Was nigh being cast away ;
 And Pleasure stood the way beside,
 Attempting all who passed,
 And ah ! too few her wiles defied,
 They lived and died so fast !
 I found she promised every bliss
 That mortals can enjoy—
 Not in future worlds, but this,
 (Those pleasures these destroy.)
 How false she was ! for she betrayed
 Her lovers into ill :
 The stream which never has delayed
 To bear the soul to hell.
 She stood not in the natural way,
 But always near appeared ;
 I'd learned her character and sway,
 And e'en her smiles I feared.
 Through life she tempts the passing crowd,
 But youth she makes her choice—
 She calls the humble and the proud,
 And fools obey her voice.
 Whene'er her current presses hard,
 Be at your quivering helm :
 'Gainst her, with Vice, be on your guard,
 Or ills will overwhelm.
 We soon approached the end of youth,
 Where many ways are shown—
 Where rare appears the angel Truth—
 Where Prudence scarce is known.
 The Passions here are loud and strong—
 Self-Confidence enchains ;
 Here Madness mingles with the throng,
 And Folly ever reigns ;
 Here Spirits hover o'er their game,
 Like eagles in the air—
 Ambition, Avarice, Vice and Shame,
 And every thing is there.
 I did not know which way to turn,
 Being now for choice freed—
 Unasked my Elders wished to learn,
 Not two of them agreed.
 Most praised their courses as the best,
 But some had owned theirs wrong,
 And in confusion onward pressed,
 To be aright ere long.
 False Pleasure's track most sought to gain,
 The strife was therefore great—
 The gale of Folly drove the train,
 And gave them fast to Fate.

I left my bark to choose its course,
 The stream of Pleasure drew,
 And Dissipation's Syren force
 More strong and tempting grew.
 When Virtue caught my searching eye,
 She seemed so fair and good,
 I changed my course, and tossing by,
 Destruction's pressing flood,
 I gained my point almost alone,
 Through shoals of Appetite,
 On which I saw ten thousands thrown,
 And crushed beneath their might.
 Death visited the good and bad,
 As is his common aim,
 And his appearance made me sad—
 The form in which he came.
 Just when Enthusiasm glows,
 When Life so sweetly smiles,
 When his stilled waves in beauty flows,
 When every sight beguiles,
 The Monster meets the busy crew,
 And grins his dark intent,
 Just when gay Prospects rise in view,
 The Messenger is sent.
 Some mad, pursuing Folly's train,
 Some bold in Virtue's cause,
 Shows no respect in his domain—
 He bids the trembler pause.
 Some flying o'er the rolling deep,
 Intent on some loved Scheme,
 Just as the shining Prize they sweep,
 They vanish like a dream.
 Some Nature still supplies with breath,
 (Those God permits to live,)
 To counteract the Plans of Death,
 She does them power give.
 Perhaps they long ward off the blow,
 It must ere long prevail—
 Their efforts but assist their Foe,
 They join but to assail.
 Pride of Existence hove in sight,
 A Province decked in Scorn:
 Its air-built Domes reflect the light,
 Its boast Existence's morn.
 Here many forms were on the wing,
 Perpetual o'er the scene—
 Proud Rivalship, its minor king,
 Appeared with aspect keen.
 The Stream of Passion here did run
 Across our passing way,

And constantly, as it had done,
 Poor Idiots swept away.
 They rashly grasped, beyond their reach,
 At some enticing ill,
 And losing sight of Caution's beach,
 They try the frenzied rill:
 But gaining force, it soon becomes
 A flood, if followed on—
 Its impetus his own benumbs,
 And leaves the wretch forlorn.
 Destruction's Isles no shelter yield,
 To screen from Fate the wretch;
 Here Justice's rage admits no shield,
 The refuge dreadful Death.
 Love's velvet Region now appears,
 A blissful sight indeed!
 Its beauty e'en Despondence cheers,
 Its charms e'en Hope exceed.
 The air itself speaks happiness,
 The billows sleep serene,
 The tongue unable to express
 The joy of the scene.
 This Kingdom was of small extent,
 We sighed so soon we passed,
 But its attendants with us went,
 As long as Thought could last:
 For Matrimony lies beyond,
 To some Existence through;
 But Death is with her often found,
 To drive her out of view.
 I now grew anxious to espy
 How much our fleet remained,
 Still Future fogs withheld the eye—
 The Past a shade sustained.
 I scarce gave credence to my eyes,
 Remained to see no more,
 That were as tenants of the skies,
 When late I viewed them o'er.
 Each gale they fondly hoped their friend,
 Each current they wished for,
 Had helped their onward course to end,
 To thin them as I saw.
 I could but mark the altered look,
 So many round displayed—
 Those who the paths of Folly took,
 Were in other garbs arrayed.
 So many in the midst of Mirth,
 They hoped so long to last,
 Were hurled into another birth,
 And review of the Past.

As many had foreknown the Fate
 Which would forward to Pain,
 But had delayed, alas! too late,
 Till Death affixed his chain.
 Some heedless ran upon the rock,
 They might with Care avoid,
 Nor thought of Danger till the shock
 Forewarned, capsized, destroyed!
 Some placed beyond the reach of Harm,
 Religion's glorious band,
 Their Hopes alone the Fates disarm,
 Death but their joys expand.
 Although we had advanced so far,
 All seemed but just set out—
 All looked before, behind few dare—
 Thus Conscience creates Doubt.
 A rigid dame of sternest mien,
 Though long left far behind,
 At last comes up, and what we've been
 Displays to all mankind.
 She teaches us whate'er we are,
 She cannot tell a lie—
 Hauls o'er his books with nicest care,
 Before the wretch can die.
 To Virtue she is happiness,
 'The greater foe to vice—
 She doth condemn, and she doth bless
 Each soul, whate'er its price.
 The guilty strive her to allude,
 To shun her piercing glance—
 Her strength if wasted is renewed,
 To hurl Despair's sure lance.
 Some dare not know or own the hearts,
 Which such dark deeds conceive,
 And summon up more horrid arts,
 As if as a reprieve.
 They call on every Vice for aid,
 And plunge in blacker crime,
 To hide them from the hideous shade,
 But soon displayed by Time.
 So Truth was hated, loved and used,
 Shunned, sought by good and ill,
 And long delayed, and sore abused,
 She was impartial still.
 Her foes and friends in this agreed,
 A heavenly angel she—
 E'en Falsehood her help did often need—
 To all she e'er was free.
 Religion flew, angelic form,
 O'er all Existence deep—

Amidst the calm, amidst the storm,
 She still refused to sleep.
 No heart but felt her soothing touch,
 Though loved alas by few,
 She blessed the cradle and the crutch,
 The good she ever knew.
 Possessing all celestial grace,
 Her hand was shut to none;
 She drew the vicious from their place,
 And handed to a throne.
 E'en Misery, almost Despair,
 May live to die no more,
 Though long rejected, yet may share
 Her ever willing store.
 The Virtues constitute her train,
 And aid her gen'rous plan,
 To render Hell, terrestrial pain,
 Redemption unto Man.
 It was a cheering sight to see,
 To us in Virtue's track,
 So many there for refuge flee,
 When their best friends attack.
 For though Destruction first may smile,
 May flatter and decoy,
 He may contain himself awhile,
 But he—Wo conquers Joy.
 He changes all himself to Wrath,
 His victim's hopes to fears,
 In triumph from his dreadful path,
 He leads where worse appears.
 Though soon Deception leaves him bare,
 Though all his throng condemn,
 Though Vice in every form is there,
 Filled is his horrid realm.
 Pain visited, untired all,
 The souls of heaven and hell,
 Even on Virtue's sons did fall,
 But as a blessing fell.
 O'er Vice he held a boundless sway,
 Assisting not again,
 His victims Death soon bore away
 To his well-stored domain.
 In every track of Life appeared
 All hurry, no repose—
 Most flying from what most they feared,
 Pursuing what they chose.
 What they solicit as a bliss,
 Oft sank beneath the wave—
 What they with so much ardor kiss,
 Oft Death disguised they crave.

And when secured, the longed-for toy
 A disappointment bears;
 An unexpected good gives joy,
 Though dreaded—Pleasure shares.
 True Happiness is heaven's alone,
 Sad Trial all must teach;
 To Virtue though her place is shown—
 On earth she's out of reach.
 So transitory is her reign,
 Below so weak her frame,
 She must twice visit us with pain,
 Before we know she came.
 Unconscious of her presence, till
 The heavenly beam is sped,
 For her return we languish still,
 Ere Hope and Life are fled.
 Then when she only can be ours,
 The wretch despairs to gain;
 When Life excludes her sainted powers,
 He will attempt in vain.
 I saw where she was never seen,
 All eager in pursuit,
 Essaying from sly Chance to glean
 An angel—Goodness' fruit.
 Some think the prize at last secure,
 E'en then they hope to sweep,
 But soon the phantasy flies o'er,
 And leaves them room to weep.
 While some lay hold upon a share,
 Possess and know the prize,
 But grown so sanguine now they are,
 They grasp—the phantom dies!
 Some make a very selfish claim,
 Wish all herself their own;
 But Disappointments wait the aim,
 She will not dwell alone.
 How can a mortal dare to wish
 More joy than life excels—
 To covet sublunary bliss,
 A breath so quick expels.
 Hope 'luminated every face,
 Another name for breath—
 It proudly claims a hiding-place,
 E'en in the coil of Death.
 When vanishing the World is fast,
 It looks abroad for rest,
 And unresisted by the Past,
 It leaves for heaven the breast.
 Though Death laid prostrate total climes,
 This would not satisfy—

He was assisted often times
 By those who also die.
 So many modes by them were tried,
 With him to supplant Life,
 Though he so dreaded when espied,
 To meet him seemed the strife.
 Some took effective means to place
 Themselves within his jaws ;
 Some hurried on his flying race
 For others, in his cause.
 Although they knew his kingdom lay
 Ahead, at utmost near,
 Where arbitrary is his sway,
 Impatient they appear.
 They often wish the Stream of Time
 Them swifter on to bear—
 Their hope is in another clime,
 Though Death may meet them there.
 I saw a heavenly Spirit move
 In solemn grandeur round—
 She seemed related unto Love,
 Her mien was staid, profound.
 A cheerful countenance she had,
 Not giddy or severe ;
 Where she remained no heart was sad
 Though her attendant Care.
 She blesses in the pilgrimage
 Through Virtue's wilderness—
 Between the Idiot and the Sage
 She may intrude herself.
 But Friendship (so she's known on earth)
 Prefers for her retreat
 Sensations of a common birth,
 And hearts alike, her seat.
 E'en sometimes Vice pretends to her
 To serve some special turn,
 She then is Interest or Fear,
 And flies with either one :
 Another life she gives to men,
 With her the dying live,
 Why do not all possess her when
 The gift is what we give ;
 Far on the left ambition's fleet
 I noticed bearing off
 On some adventure fully meet,
 Reason's dictates to scoff.
 All of the world they leave with scorn
 Abandoned long by peace,
 Thus placing conscience, life in pawn,
 And happiness and ease.

No dangers could deter affright,
 But onward still they bent,
 Till even they were out of sight
 Of Reason, whence they went.
 Yet fancy stretches out the view
 And leads us where they go,
 A dreadful struggle to rescue
 Fame from each friend or foe ;
 Or if no higher thing entice
 Than riches, pow'r or death,
 They sacrifice as great a price,
 And cease—when crushed beneath!
 We anxiously expected their
 Destruction or retreat,
 And ere they come to Reason's care
 The boast was half their fleet :
 Like turtle doves before the kite
 They fly in terror from
 Misfortune, ruin, rage and spite,
 Dispersed before the storm ;
 And many sink beneath the wave
 When safety is at hand,
 When Providence denies to save,
 When vengeance doth command.
 Fair virtue's channel some select,
 Some unto vice ally,
 Most on despair are early wreck'd,
 But few pass safely by.
 Fame led her votaries astray,
 Tho' some attained her bank,
 Few were contented with her sway,
 All feared oblivion's blank ;—
 Her treachery so many dread
 That few essay to gain,
 Her laurels flourish o'er the dead
 Some unambitious win,
 Tho' some pretend that her alone
 Ambition can acquire,
 That she to happiness is prone
 To lend her blissful fire ;
 Her breath corrupts the human soul,
 Blows pain along its course,
 The billows there more angry roll
 And rage with greater force.
 Tho' smiling dangers, she forbids
 The fears in her domains,
 No rest is to the heavy lids,
 Yet ease she gives or feigns ;
 She promises herself to none
 But those who crave or 've got,

And she deceives nigh every one
 If they possess or not.
 Old Time, who never stops to rest,
 Swept all along with him,
 Still a future clime to test,
 The prospect ever dim.
 We hurried on—all just about
 To get to life and bliss ;
 Hope suffered not a single doubt .
 Concerning that or this.
 Though none esteemed or sought her quite.
 Or by a different mean ;
 Though all had spent at least a mite,
 Life *yet* was to be seen.
 The farther (tho' it was not so)
 As Reason's precepts tell,
 We went—the faster seemed to go
 The looked-for scarce befell.
 Those who did follow dissipation
 I must not fail to name ;
 I saw their direful destination
 Pain, ruin, wo, and shame.
 While pleasure seemed their only aim,
 And pain their only dread,
 The first assisted with her name,
 The last came in her stead.
 I saw a spacious pool expand
 And whirl its clam'rous foam
 In dreadful rage, on either hand
 It seemed the sinner's home.
 Ten thousands and ten thousands were
 Enticed from Reason's host,
 And still delighted might appear
 Till ultimately lost.
 They ventured willing in its pow'r
 Altho' its horrors bare ;
 Tho' slowly on, from hour to hour,
 Were hastened to despair.
 I trembling asked, can it be hell ?
 When Vice, with hesitation,
 Replied, for she herself must tell
 The gulf—Intoxication.
 What is the triumph there, I asked
 Of those whom there I spied ;
 " No more by Virtue to be tasked,"
 The hideous god replied ;
 " And to annul the present hour,
 Its precedent or weight,
 They madly venture in Death's power,
 And semi-being state."

"Alas!" I cried, "is this the gain,
 Is this their object, then
 To mock the end we meet with pain
 The dreaded foe of men!"
 I thought them Nature's sacrifice
 To men's welfare below,
 Souls formed for ruin's sad surprise
 Not voluntary wo.
 Outcasts of minds, the chaff designed
 By Jesus to be burned—
 The foolish—or the luckless blind,
 Who their salvation spurned.
 My knotty doubts were soon undone,
 O man of this beware,
 This hellish vortex learn to shun
 Its joys and woes compare.
 We now glide swiftly on through age
 When wisdom is at hand,
 We see the billows round us rage,
 But at the Lord's command,
 We early fixed our hopes on him,
 He yet has led us safe,
 We see a paradise not dim
 In death through virtue's faith.
 We glory in our better course
 To meet its end resigned
 From good no passion can divorce
 Tho' yet in dust confined.
 No storm that sweeps the ocean round
 Can overturn our bark ;
 Because with virtue we are found
 Safe in religion's ark.
 At God's control she is supreme,
 Her crews to pay—to bless ;
 E'en death bows to our lovely queen,
 But to the bad distress.
 He doth extend his conquests o'er
 The whole of life's extent,
 Now his domain is close before,
 Where all will soon be sent.
 How few are seen who with us sailed!
 Of all the mighty fleet,
 Tho' but one enemy assailed,
 How final a defeat !
 How few there is of all remains,
 These scattered o'er the wave
 Bear up—a solemn silence reigns
 No object—but the grave!—
 Of all the throng whom vice ensnar'd
 In dissipation's name,

And all her host one fate had shar'd
 The poison overcame.
 The realm of age was seldom theirs,
 For death will soon destroy,
 They sail in laughter, sink in tears,
 And this is all their joy.
 I thank the Sovereign Power above,
 For He has led me right,
 Obey his laws, secure his love,
 Let good be thy delight.
 Tho' virtue is to bliss allied,
 Religion must attend,
 Tho' reason still may be thy guide,
 Let conscience be thy friend.
 Farewell, ye voyagers who sail
 Life's sea tempestuous o'er,
 Observe my hasty record well
 For I have gone before.

ORIGINAL MAN.

There *might have been* a being of this earth
 Who had received, but knew not how, a birth.
 From youth till reason should have taught her name,
 He lived unknowing and unknown the same.
 Far from the scene of man's unmeaning toil
 He dwelt the sole possessor of the soil,
 Like Selkirk on his isolated clod
 He reigned supreme, exiled from man—not God.
 Kind nature fully had performed her part,
 But education still withheld her art :
 Oh, unjust goddess, why wilt thou be still
 A slave to chance, a slave to Mammon's will ;
 Why not ever on the worthy shine
 When poverty and industry combine,
 A parent eagle careful to provide
 Hung o'er the cradle and her prey espied ;
 The little struggler in her claws she bore
 To parts sequestered, those we named before.
 A cliff projecting o'er the mountain's breast
 Had been for ages some lone eagle's nest ;
 Here now to pacify the clam'rous brood
 She laid her prize, the little babe, as food.
 (Now thinking children, who, when you were small,
 Preserved you from such ill that some befall,
 And, constant in her care, without delay
 She took her flight in search of other prey.
 The little eaglets happy to espy
 The looked-for meal, invoked with many a cry ;

In eager hurry hast'd the feast to share ;
 When lo! the 'frighted victim shrieked despair.
 Taught by distress or want to know the pain,
 They hesitate, and in suspense remain
 Until those noble feelings God bestows
 On beast or man, which goodness only knows,
 Came, happy council, and in nature's spite
 They spare the child, and suffer appetite.
 (Man! know what God allows to be thy fate,
 To serve his will, and also make you great.)
 While in their savage manner, void of soul,
 Caress the babe, and seemingly condole :
 Receive it in amongst them, spread the down,
 Resume their cry, and make the hills resound.
 The parent comes, submissive to the call,
 And parcels out the luscious feast to all ;
 The little stranger knows not from her own,
 But weighs the meat and grudges it to none.
 Example formal custom now outweighs,
 Hunger demands, and lawful habit pays.
 The child unused to such a savage treat
 Impelled by appetite consents to eat.
 Thus still, from day to day, the eagle fed
 Her common charge, by knowing instinct led ;
 The infant shared the little eaglets prey,
 And grew, and learned to scream as well as they ;
 Till came the time, arrayed in plumage proud,
 Ambitious then to soar above the cloud
 And gather for themselves the daily store
 Which nature kind hath placed within their pow'r.
 Encouraged by the mother's tempting cry,
 They rise on pinions to explore the sky,
 And view, astonished, from their dazzling height
 The babe unable to sustain the flight.
 Frail man! when other creatures mighty rise
 He still in helpless weak existence lies,
 Demands continual help and other power
 To save him from destruction ev'ry hour.
 A Bear, which sheltered in a lower steep,
 With anguish heard the hapless infant's shriek,
 And climb'd the rock, its sorrow to assuage,
 Undmindful of the parent eagle's rage ;
 Took kindly in her arms the luckless child,
 Which dreaded not the savage form—but smil'd.
 The heart which God gave man is formed for love,
 From friendship's mould descended from above,
 Forsaken, taught to know the golden prize,
 If not before. A foe may charm the eyes,
 Souls, strangers to the truths of future states,
 May welcome death and greet the fiery fates.

The bear adopts the little stranger now,
 And as her cubs to live soon taught it how—
 In days of winter, when the iron sleet
 Compell'd her to seek shelter in retreat;
 Or when the sun peeped from his zenith dome
 To tempt her forth for pillage far to roam.
 He was companion of her toil and rest,
 He crawled beside her and slept on her breast.
 Thus on to man he grew, and like the bear
 Was clothed—was covered o'er with glossy hair:
 In some degree his image like her own,
 And his soul's knowledge like her instinct sown;
 But still tho' recollection, wisdom's maid,
 Did come not in his weary doubts to aid,
 Altho' he thought his nature unrefined,
 That he was placed not with his proper kind.
 His faculties tho' sharpened were not keen,
 His mind as bounded by what could be seen.
 God taught man, and man taught men again,
 Thus on hath education kept her reign.
 Mortals, thy frailties have uncased my pen,
 Why need I hesitate to paint them then:
 Myself am man, I know his noble heart,
 Yet he has foibles, each must bear his part.
 Our savage brother—could that sway his will,
 And if it did the beast was savage still;
 Yet he was barbarous more—hear the tale—
 His own confession let your bias fail,
 As reason grew how strange his pride did grow
 His doubts unruly and his nature so.
 Love, friendship, gratitude, now at an end,
 He was resolved to leave his tender friend.
 Ungrateful being, all the mother's care
 Could not suffice thy stubborn love to share.
 From man's abode he now still farther stroll'd,
 Fierce as the eagle, as the lion bold,
 Where western streams along savannahs roam
 He chanced to stray and to select his home.
 An island fertile as Ohio's plain
 He chose, and unmolested held his reign.
 The beasts submitted to his sanguine sway,
 As meat, or at his coming fled away;
 His faith grew stronger in his bold surmise
 That he was more than brute, and in disguise
 He took delight to see them filled with fear,
 And see their flight when chanc'd he to draw near.
 Some artifice which man is forced to use
 To get his food he was constrained to choose.
 Buoyed by submission up as flatt'ry does,
 He even thought himself more than he was.

Observe it mortal, know that man will rise
 As high as he dares seem in other's eyes.
 His den he furnishes with mimic taste
 With all the delicacies of the waste.
 His days glide smoothly on from year to year,
 But happiness with man will not appear ;
 All that he should expect in this low state
 Is to be blest, and not reflect too late.
 Long tortured our monarch by the doubt
 Of his true grade he wished to find it out ;
 He knew not how his discontent prevailed,
 He chose the course wherever she assailed ;
 He left his habitation and domain
 And travelled far this knowledge to obtain.
 Tho' all his hope must have been *cecit* chance,
 The far worst choice man's int'rest to advance.
 He lengthened out his gloomy, lonely way
 From morn to night through many a tedious day,
 Hoping to find some being like himself,
 Companion of his sad mysterious life ;
 But, long, success was all that hope affords,
 So oft more precious than when gain explodes.
 One morn ascended to the mountain's height,
 A strange appearance struck his wond'ring sight :
 Far on the left a tillaged field extends,
 Waves its gay crop, and with the circle blends
 A prospect strange enough, and fancy rose
 Up in his savage breast from long repose,
 Tho' as the sun the sight of man appears
 He still needs fancy to augment his fears.
 A form advanced upon the plain afar,
 And lo ! he saw himself reflected there ;
 The sacred sight in raptures he enjoyed,
 He leaped and uttered nature unalloyed.
 Still apprehensive he dared not approach,
 But stayed their curious attitudes to watch.
 Soon many more appeared, and joined the first,
 To aid him, as it seemed, to lash the dust.
 Our sly observer from his daily stand
 In wonder viewed the tillers of the land,
 Afraid till long he lingered to descry
 The meaning of their actions—to draw nigh.
 His philosophic mind the subject weighed,
 And since unlettered, strange conclusions made.
 Their minds he fancied to be more than beast,
 Their form superior in grace at least ;
 Of any language than the eagle's scream,
 Or bruin's hug he never once did dream.
 All their appearance taught him to conclude,
 That e'er their present course would be pursued,

Not as the brute, and as the insect not,
 But this same being ever all their lot.
 How much astonished was he when he learned
 That in this life a better must be earned ;
 And all their doings he accounted naught,
 For so they seemed, so inspiration taught.
 Considered well, he feared no longer then,
 But went and mingled with his brother men ;
 For as the beasts among their kind agreed
 He e'en thought man's their friendship would exceed.
 Our forest stranger blest the happy change,
 And learned as man his ideas to arrange ;
 Received impressions deeper marked, and felt
 Than if he long in darkness had not dwelt.
 See summer blooms drop low beneath the beam,
 But vig'rous rise before the vernal gleam :
 Thus minds from knowledge, minds from wisdom barr'd
 Are quickly stored when first they're well prepared.
 Ye wise, who know the worth of what ye are,
 The beast made man thus with yourselves compare ;
 Ye know the blessing to receive the prize,
 The sacred privilege of being wise.
 Ye, who have lost what few e'er find, a friend,
 Gain him again the raptures that attend.
 Parents whose joys with a child expire,
 Children who know the bliss to own a sire,
 Ye best can feel, ye only can express
 The feelings of our woodman to possess.
 E'en all the blessings which from knowledge flow,
 And brought the kindness of loved friends to know ;
 And all the happiness to be a son,
 And Parents' raptures o'er an only one.

THE CASTILIAN EXILE.

Farewell! my early home, a long farewell!
 I bid thee now adieu :
 The peaceful place, so long where I did dwell,
 Farewell, farewell, farewell !
 Thy scenes, once lovely to my tranquil mind,
 Have now lost all their charms ;
 My soul is racked—I cannot be resigned
 To leave thee thus behind.
 Each object now imparts a pang to me,
 Is painful to my view,
 For I reluctantly must part with thee—
 O sad ! O sad decree !
 No matter where I cast my watery eyes,
 O'er woodlands, or o'er farms,

Fresh causes bid the painful thought arise,
 That fate my stay denies.
 Far must I journey from my native place,
 Without one friend to cheer;
 Each visage e'er must be a stranger's face,
 Or an assassin base.
 I am an exile for another's crime—
 This aggravates my wo;
 I must depart to Patagonia's clime—
 Yet innocent I go!
 Mine eye now rests upon the silent spot,
 Where all my kindred lie—
 Far more auspicious theirs than this my lot—
 Too wretched e'en to die!
 Oh! could I rouse them from their long repose,
 I then should bright appear;
 They would for truth the mystery disclose,
 And name our mutual foes.
 They could announce that none their name e'er bore,
 And act as I'm accused,
 That other hands than these embrued in gore,
 Did extirpate my race.
 They knew this heart for them would free have bled,
 This form have lost its fire—
 Would freely have been numbered with the dead
 In their defence or stead.
 A thought which dare not to pollute my breast,
 To harm—O! gracious God!
 My sacred father—and to be possess'd
 To cut his throat!
 Oh! mine enemies remove this stain—
 Send me an exile far;
 Your daggers draw against our house again—
 I only now remain.
 Although no kindred, I have friends to love—
 Let me with them expire;
 Grant me but this, less hard your fates will prove—
 There is a God above;
 Or, Lord, my intellects do thou destroy,
 I care not how I'm used;
 If I am exiled, grant me this sad joy,
 I then can end my pain.
 Alas! yes, I must go, the tyrants come—
 They force me from my home:
 Farewell, loved palace! I must go away,
 Not blessed e'en with delay.
 Farewell! my friends—I ne'er shall see you more!
 No tongue my pain can tell.
 No matter, then, 'twill be the sooner o'er—
 Farewell! farewell! farewell!

THE GREAT OF SEVENTY-SIX.

Sing gratitude and honour to the band,
 Who lived and died to save this happy land :
 Their valour, wisdom, and their worth proclaim ;
 Blow loud their praise, oh purer trump of fame !
 The least of whom the king might well envy,
 And wish himself as great in nature's eye :
 Such minds ! the choice of the great I Am—
 Bold, honest, generous,—oh, what a palm !
 Eternal names, for ever to be told,
 And hearts that would not sell for any gold ;
 Unknown before, now shine supremely forth,
 And awe aspirants with their rapid growth ;
 Untaught by precept to oppose a crown,
 Swell high with rage, and hurl the monster down.
 A nation springing up to wealth and power,
 Alike the blossom in a single hour,
 Rise from the cradle, with a mighty bound,
 And lay the struggling giant on the ground.
 Great Seventy-Six ! when, were, since time began,
 At once before such mortals found with man ;
 Ten thousand heroes, worthy to command,
 Leap forth at once to save their native land.
 In every rank a thousand virtues shine,
 Generals unsworded form the patriot line,
 With hands, the proudest sceptre well deserve,
 Seize fast the rusty pike, and vow to serve :
 Fly from the clumsy plough of many a year
 And wield for liberty the flippant spear.
 The Age which bound unnumbered hearts in one,
 Placed at their head—immortal Washington.
 Gods ! what an army !—how could tyrants dare
 To face, and tempt Jehovah's wrath so far ?
 How else but tremble at their angry nod—
 The band of Freedom in the hands of God !
 As long as man shall have the sacred art
 To prize true greatness, and to swell the heart
 With gratitude,—so long he proud shall own
 That none like Seventy-Six were ever known.
 Pride of Columbia, wonder of mankind,
 In whom all that ennobles was combined,
 Though now departed, mouldering in the clay,
 Who would not honoured, happy be as they ?
 We swear allegiance to their hallowed love
 To Liberty—the offspring of above.
 The blessings which ye gave to us, we give
 To those proud generations yet to live ;
 Or when no mortal powers the trust can save,
 That time shall leave us martyrs in the grave !

WASHINGTON'S LAST PRAYER.

My soul, O Lord! I give to Thee!
 Grant that I have not loved Thee less!
 Omniscient God! my Country bless
 With Union, Peace, and Liberty!

DEATH OF CHRIST.

Behold! the temple's veil—
 The God of gods has died!
 Revolting at the wail,
 The stony walls divide.
 The hilly tops did shake,
 The rocks were rent in twain;
 The 'stonished earth did quake,
 All nature did complain.
 The graves wide open burst,
 The sleeping saints arose,
 Acknowledged by the curs'd—
 Christ Jesus by his foes.

TRUTH.

I walked in the garden of life,
 I sought for the loveliest flowers
 In arbours remotest from strife,
 Where goodness reposes in bowers.
 Most ravishing many were seen,
 Whose odours enraptured the sense,
 Whose foliage continued e'er green,
 Whose beauties an ample defence.
 With surprise I beheld the contrast
 'Tween alley so lovingly sweet,
 And those which so doubtful I past,
 Which are trodden by so many feet.
 I had gathered with pains and delight
 A nosegay from Virtue's fair bed,
 When great beauty attracted my sight,
 A flower with languishing head,
 As white as the sunbeam. Its mien
 Was a model of beauty and strength:
 How it shamed the dark blossoms and green,
 That had bowed to its power at length!
 Though surrounded by thorns of the stem,
 I determined to pluck it away;
 Though painfully wounded by them,
 I accomplished the daring essay.

I entwined it with rapture and care,
 With the choice that hung at my breast;
 'Twas the flower of Truth. 'Twas so fair
 It gave lustre and nerve to the rest.
 Instead of being soiled by time,
 Its powers cosmetic increase;
 Its beauties admit of no rhyme,
 Its influence never can cease.

THE PROSPECT.

Young Edwin and his lovely wife appear
 The happiest of the human family:
 Who can deny them? I must once a year
 Take up my residence with them awhile.
 No noisy drunkard e'er molests me there,
 No boasting coward of his mighty deeds,
 No lying statesman summons half my care,
 To keep my cane within its proper place;
 But all is quiet, all domestic bliss:
 Wealth gives what independence doth require,
 And future life reflected here in this,
 Resigned at loss, for then must others gain.
 Now from the window of the rural seat
 The prospect opens to the Muse's eye;
 Few things are lacked the landscape to complete,
 To make it equal e'en to fancy's whim.

One half the garden lies displayed below,
 Well stocked with herbs, for usefulness and show;
 Just to the right the orchard bends with wealth,
 To please the taste, and give the lingering health.
 The leaves, designed to guard the fruit from dew,
 And cold and heat, and to delight the view,
 Perform these parts, and then a contrast make,
 To keep the dronish faculties awake.
 The leaf and apple, painted to the mind,
 Placed side by side, quite different in their kind;
 The self-same branches still upholds them both,
 The self-same sap contributes to their growth.
 The decent walk in front leads out the view,
 (Designed for pleasure and for business too;)
 A valley winds, o'ergrown with willows gay,
 Which, solemn bowing, dance the hours away.
 In unison along, the sanded lane
 Sparkling like shivers of the watery plain;
 And far around the full-eared Indian bends,
 While underneath the envious hay ascends,

No longer hurtful to the ripened corn,
 But most delightful to the eye at morn,
 Each sprig in martial ornaments is seen,
 Like native soldiers of the turf green :
 But ere the sun peeps o'er the Laurel's height,
 This false array is vanished from the sight ;
 E'en then the artful rows, so neatly sown,
 Present a pleasing view themselves alone ;
 And then the corn, sublimely overhead,
 Doth bend profoundly man's spontaneous bread ;
 A scene an Eastern seldom can enjoy,
 From Spain's tilled mountains to the fields of Troy.
 They may afford a medicine for pain ;
 Virginia yet can feed with fat'ning grain :
 Hers is the triumph of an ample store—
 No tyrant haunts the happy Farmer's door ;
 No noble thief can his estate annoy,
 And Freedom, smiling, bids him eat with joy.
 Yon string of green, like serpent at his ease,
 Winds through the valley,—mark the rising trees.
 Yon little hill, projecting from the plain,
 Hides from the view, at last, the verdant train ;
 But oft see something, like the polished glass,
 But more resplendent, shining 'long the pass.
 A modest brook, alive with fishes gay,
 There glides along the ever busy way ;
 The fleeting breath of heaven there doth rest,
 And seldom wakes emotions in its breast ;
 Yet still advancing, wave on wave along,
 Without the aid of storms to 'rouse the song ;
 Well tutored by the annual birds of note,
 Which o'er its bosom in sweet concert float.
 Along the stream, which seldom goes astray,
 To walk how pleasant at the close of day !
 Or when the sun begins his morning flight,
 Or when ascended to his greatest height,
 Yon summit, crowned with bounteous Nature's grain,
 Arrests the eye, and leads it back again ;
 The sun's last beam upon the scene hath died,
 He goes to light the mountain's western side.
 This lovely landscape can no longer please—
 The outlines can be seen : yon lofty trees,
 Stretched far around, like clouds with angry brow,
 And Sol displays not their unevenness now.
 When things below no longer give delight,
 Above 'tis natural to cast the sight :
 There all is glory, grandeur all is theirs,
 In flaming worlds, in awful suns and stars.

THE CRUEL BOY.

'The Cruel Lad (a shocking name!)
 Had in the country reared his fame :
 This ugly title he obtained
 By being cruel, unrestrained.
 No beast or insect in this part,
 But felt his hand, and knew his heart :
 The busy ant, the worm, the fly,
 Were tortured and condemned to die ;
 The brute his inhumanity shared,
 And man below him was not spared ;
 'The helpless or unfortunate,
 With him met a common fate.
 Admonished by his friends, who knew,
 And often punished by them, too,
 He yet remained the same bad boy,
 As if his fellows' woes his joy.
 'Shamed and despised, each one his foe,
 No peace or pleasure did he know :
 Nothing prospered that he done,
 And all his friends began to shun.
 A fever seized the cruel lad,
 Which made him very sick and sad :
 He thought of all his cruelty,
 And was afraid to live or die.
 At last he got a slight relief,
 Which soothed the raging of his grief.
 He promised God, if he would spare,
 To shun his former ways with care :
 On no account so bad to be,
 As thus to harm His family.
 The Lord was pleased to hear his voice,
 For to make happy, is his choice.
 From that moment, strange to tell,
 He better grew, and so got well ;
 Nor was he ever after bad,
 Nor was he called the Cruel Lad ;
 But formed anew his better plan,
 And grew to be a good young man.
 Oh! what a pity that he would
 Continue bad, and not grow good,
 Till all this pain he had endured,
 So sick almost not to be cured !

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Once death was satiate with age,
 (Its grandsire and its sire slain)—
 The little infant felt his pain—
 (Its name is on no other page.)
 (The hideous monarch laughs at tears,
 The best of nature feel his sway—
 The richer prize he takes away,
 And lends to meaner souls his fears.)
 The infant's cradle was his prey,
 The wise are undetermined—(why?)
 Its tenants are prepared to die,
 But human nature courts delay.
 I can't forget that direful night,
 The weeping parent's Hope denied—
 The little angel smiled and—died!
 But Death e'en smiles cannot affright.
 Pause, Reader! think on the decree—
 God said all flesh shall taste of death—
 Early we must resign our breath,
 For ever, as we are to be!
 And think what grief, what tears avail,
 To stay the doom Jehovah willed!
 Grieve not, although with terror filled—
 To God we journey through the vale.
 When children or when parents die,
 Start not at theirs, but at thy fate—
 Too soon thou canst not, but too late
 Thou must be, if thou hope deny.

 MAN.

Nature denies that man knows man;
 He's wise, he's foolish, a slave, a king:
 He nothing does—all that he can,
 He's something, nothing, and every thing.

 THE BALMY BREEZE.

Hist! hear amongst the parted trees,
 A voice that soothes the ear—
 So gently whispering!—drawing near,
 It is the fluttering evening-breeze.
 Not like the force which drives the storm—
 Not like the rudely-flashing then—
 But, like the fan of weary men,
 It breathes along its tonic form.

Just with a motion, giving life,
 It wakes the rustling of the spray,
 Though it doth timidly essay
 To stop its course, short is the strife.
 Through every chink it makes its way,
 To whisper echoes unto all :
 It is a feast that does not pall
 At sleeping night, or waking day.
 Though known to be, 'tis seen by none :
 Effects are seen, the cause is not,—
 And this is our present lot,
 As it respects a living God.

THE ART OF WAR.

'Tis sometimes noble to outdo a foe
 By force of arms, or military show ;
 But then he never can become your friend,
 For means so harsh the sufferer offend.
 Far much more noble 'tis by harmless word
 To conquer enemies, than by the sword :
 Convince him of the wrong, and that will do,—
 He'll conquer then himself, I warrant you.
 But, as in other contests, you'll provide
 To have the sword of Right upon your side ;
 And now you've learned to treat a fallen foe,—
 To treat the triumph next, it's well to know :
 Use it as though 'twas e'en your own defeat,
 And then the victory will be complete.

HOPE AND HAPPINESS.

Why, then, should men anticipate,
 When unlooked-for success
 Than joy coming, as by fate,
 Is nearer happiness ?
 And why should wishes, realized,
 With us attain such scope ?—
 Be thus an image to be prized,
 When worse than any hope.

UNION.

That which holds the blessed Powers in one—
 The Holy Ghost, the Father and the Son—
 Is Golden Union, strength of weak and strong,
 And to the mighty ever must belong.

Before Division, strength must melt away,
 The powerful, disjoined, must into naught decay ;
 The earth, in compact with her holy Sire,
 Can never, nor her family expire.
 But once withdrawn from the alliance, oh,
 She sinks to ruin—they to endless wo !
 These mighty worlds, which o'er creation roll,
 Pervaded by one concert, and one soul,
 Must still exist, each unto each a stay,
 And in an awful grandeur, still delay.
 But if one mite's dismembered, it must fall,
 And in a common ruin hurl them all !
 The sand, which dances scattered in the tide,
 Enmassed, doth bound the ocean, and doth realms
 divide.

Thus strength of worlds, the strength of land and sea,
 Alone consists in mighty Unity :
 In every thing her good intent is seen,
 Not more in planets, than in states and men.
 Where Union reigns, from Michigan to Greece,
 Joy must be there, invulnerable peace ;
 Though peace her influence, and peace her law,
 Dreadful in fight, how bold when bold in war !
 Her bands are interest, difficult to make,
 Secure when made, still easy yet to break ;
 A friend of peace, and happiness' ally,
 And nature's gift, and incense to the sky,
 Of heavenly birth—what higher can exalt ?
 Not prized by man, then man must be in fault.

When getting old, the world got crazy once,
 ('Tis not uncommon, she is such a dunce)—
 One half " at daggers drawn " against the rest,
 And those who suffered most were all the best :
 These, envied and despised, were sore harassed—
 Still unredressed their wrongs—and so it passed.
 Yet not content, on God they fix their eye,
 And every sentence is a prayer on high :
 Weighed down with burdens, scarcely to be borne,
 From age to age the wretched Children mourn.
 At last an angel from the holy skies,
 Descended to the earth, and bade them rise :
 (Came as to Israel—not to Israel came,
 Nor to one tribe—they had no common name)—
 Bade them make ready, to a land repair,
 Designed for them and for their seed, afar ;
 " Far o'er the waves, which man has never dared,
 But God is there, and He will be your guard ;
 He bids me lead you to this foreign land,
 Which I have found, at His divine command.

Where now these ills, which so molest you here,
 Shall ne'er have power ever to appear,
 If ye but mind the mandates which I bring,
 From time to time, from your Almighty King!"
 The Children's joys the power of speech excel,
 Scarce less o'erjoyed the messenger to tell—
 And gladly they prepare, without delay,
 To follow him to regions far away.
 Still from all countries, without end they come,
 To this fair land, to each oppressed a home:
 They flourish and increase, from age to age,
 Free from the ill, cursed persecution's rage;
 Enjoying all the bliss of liberty,
 With all the safety, too, of Unity.
 The envying world, resolved on their decline,
 To crush the little family combine:
 But God, still kind unto distress, in love,
 Sent to their help an angel from above;
 Ennerv'd his arm, to conquer all their foes,
 And to unburden them of all their woes.
 His time fulfilled, he leaves them for the skies,
 But gives them law and council ere he dies;
 His parting words (rebellion not to read,
 And far more treasonable not to heed,)
 Are handed to the weeping land forlorn,
 Embalmed in love. The sacred Rule goes on—
 "All other arts your reason will you teach;
 This learn from God—the interest of each.
 Be all in One, ye chosen people be,
 United in the cause of Liberty:
 From north to south, from east to west unite,
 Beneath this blessed banner—Union's right.
 Then will you flourish to the end of time,
 To court example, and to honour rhyme:
 The tyrant's check, the slave's Canaan State,
 Your own dear Country, happy more than great,
 Your realms shall stretch beyond wild fancy's eye,
 O'er the delighted earth, beneath the smiling sky.
 All other names your own shall far transcend,
 Be nature's life your time, and God your friend:
 But disobey his mandates, part in two,
 Then will he rase you from creation's view;
 Your name shall be no more on history's page,
 Or to instruct the statesman or the sage.
 You shall be swept unworthy from the earth,
 Your death as horrid as your glorious birth:
 Or spared the meanest despot to amuse,
 Who shall to bind you condescending choose;
 Those hands, free as the greatest monarch's born,
 Shall draw their water, and shall grind their corn;

The just abhorrence of the world beside,
 And slaves shall learn your meanness to deride.
 These necks so stiff and unsubmitive now,
 Shall then unto the yoke most servile bow :
 Unto the vilest slave who ploughs your field,
 Ye then shall tamely and more servile yield.
 But, oh! ye blest—far other be your fate!
 Then love your Union as you Ruin hate.
 If thus far right, in all you shall be right,
 And thus far blest, you shall be happy quite."
 The sainted Chief doth from the earth ascend,
 And thus his office and his precepts end.
 All ye whose hopes on Independence lie,
 Should deign to scan this with a careful eye ;
 Hear what the Seraph of bold Freedom said,
 If ye should wish your triumphs ne'er to fade.
 Americans! especially take care
 That you to this Deliverer give ear!
 If you should disregard his warning voice,
 Then will his 'bodings be your only choice.
 What he anticipates, if you obey,
 On 'tother hand shall be your own one day.

DOUBT.

Oh, cruel Doubt! than ills disclosed is worse,
 But that the will of God it were a curse!
 If bliss shall be my lot, in coming years,
 Why dost thou counterbalance it with fears?
 If sorrow or if ill, 'tis fully bad—
 Why dost thou add thyself to make it doubly sad?
 Why dost thou still intrude when doing right?
 Success I wish insured. Cleanse my sight
 If I be wrong—the self-same wish is mine—
 Let certainty upon my object shine.
 Convince me I am wrong, and save from sin,
 That I no triumph but disgrace can win.
 Thus far considered, shows a foe thou art,
 To rack the judgment, and to 'snare the heart :
 Therefore thou must be, unto God and man,
 An enemy, no further if we scan.
 But then when doing ill, if thou shouldst hide,
 To do the same, when well thou dost provide,
 Man is more prone to do the bad than good—
 Therefore he's oftener in the sinning mood.
 And many times, when he intends to do
 A wrong, a right he may, no doubt, pursue ;
 Thou also veileth the certain ill to come,
 And from a plain display withholds his doom ;

Forbearing to pain him with a certainty,
 Delaying with thyself a torment yet to be.
 If this will not excuse thee, I know not
 What, in thy exculpation, can be brought.
 Thou dost the foresight of an ill restrain,
 But then thou art no preferable pain ;
 And if, with chance, thou makest a compact,
 And lead the ill-intending well to act—
 When aiming right, as has been said before,
 We may do wrong, through thy invidious power—
 Then take thee on the whole, as first was said,
 Thou art to man an unpropitious shade :
 A great tormentor of him here below,
 Whom hope cannot disarm of all thy wo.

BONAPARTE'S COMPLAINT.

Cease, nature cease, a cheerful sound,
 Be still, or join the mournful choir,
 Ye Zephyrs creep in silence round,
 Or in a solemn rush expire.
 Cease little birds and beasts, be still
 Ye brooks that murmur to the moon,
 Hush ev'ry discord on the hill
 And in the vale, all but a moan.
 Where yonder valley banks the deep
 A slave of tyrants sits alone ;
 We view him from the rocky steep,
 And hear, with awe, a monarch mourn.

“ Oh Freedom, fair goddess, return,
 And give unto Bonaparte wings ;
 Have I injured that thou shouldst thus spurn,
 Art thou frightened from soldiers and kings?
 In vain have I conquered thy foes,
 Are they risen in still greater strength,
 The cause of my bondage disclose,
 Approach me in life or in death.
 Do these mountains of iron exclude,
 Does Helena's bosom not bear
 A cliff for thy seat ? though so rude,
 Thou canst bless by thy residence there.
 Transport me to regions away,
 If solitude bind with her laws,
 But give me thy presence I pray,
 Permit me to die in thy cause.
 Oh Britons, ye boast to be free,
 Why consign Napoleon to chains,
 Why dare fix your shackles on me
 While justice in heaven remains.

" Jehovah will grant as ye give,
 He freedom on all doth bestow,
 How can ye expect free to live
 When bind ye Napoleon so.
 America, happiest land,
 I would fly to thy enfranchised shore,
 I would freely obey or command,
 I would taste of cursed bondage no more.
 Oh Countrymen cease to be slaves,
 With you let your Emperor fly
 To freedom, if in our graves,
 Frenchmen be freemen or die !
 Brave soldiers, why sleep ye so long,
 Who expired unconquered encore ;
 No hearts beat for Bonaparte strong,
 Rise, rush as to vict'ry before.
 But loose me ye nations around,
 Wink not at the direful deed,
 Ask conscience for what I am bound,
 Know conscience stern justice must heed.
 Jehovah did never ordain
 A lord over freedom or life,
 Or Bonaparte would not complain,
 His days had yet unknown the strife.
 Ah, most wretched of beings am I,
 The world is determined to crush,
 I will not be racked by a sigh,
 Nor will I as cowardly hush.
 Though mortals hear not my complaint,
 I will tell to the waves of the sea,
 I will tell what my fancy doth paint,
 I will tell what a mortal can be.
 In bondage I still must remain !
 For nations against me combine,
 No friend shall I e'er see again,
 For none dare profess to be mine.
 When I'm silently cold in the clay,
 But then will my name be revered ;
 When tyrants are passing away,
 The example I gave will be cheered.
 Ere globes into nothing shall melt,
 Barbarians shall civilized be ;
 Blest liberty shall have been felt,
 All regions shall have been free.
 I have tempted ambition too far,
 Though liberty with it might smile ;
 My ambition was freedom and war,
 My fortune was friendly awhile.
 I'm shipwrecked, I'm enslaved, I am curst
 The current which wafted so fast,

" That led me so friendly at first
 Has changed its direction at last.
 A mortal, a worm must be still,
 If he reaches too far from his span
 He yields to superior will,
 Destroyed to show he is man.
 A being exiled from mankind,
 Despairing and friendless alone !
 Oh fortitude, eye of the blind,
 There is comfort where virtue is known !
 Each being a foe. O 'tis hard
 I am watched, I am dreaded by all,
 The meanest of dastards prepared
 To laugh at Napoleon's fall.
 To misfortune the hero must yield,
 Adversity will humble the great,
 The coward deserves not a shield,
 And man must submit to his fate."

ST. LUKE—CHAPTER VI. VERSE 24.

Wo to the rich, if not of heaven
 Their consolation has been given.
 Wo unto you that satiate are,
 Hunger shall ever be your share.
 Wo unto you that laughter keep,
 For ye shall mourn and ye shall weep.
 Wo unto you of whom all men
 Shall speak in praise and honor then.
 So spake their fathers when of old
 False prophets came, and wonders told.

But say I unto you who hear
 Let foes your loving kindness share.
 Bless them that curse you, sway your will
 To pray for them that use you ill;
 And unto those that smite one cheek,
 The other offer ye as meek,
 And him that takes thy cloak, I say
 Permit to take your coat away;
 Give all that ask, none do ye spurn,
 Of him that takes ask no return.
 As you wish men to do to you
 So do to them whate'er ye do.
 As God is merciful so ye
 His children likewise do ye be.

Judge not, condemn not; then will Heav'n
 So deal by you, if you've forgiven :
 Give—again it shall be given.
 With the same measure that ye deign
 To give, it shall be given again.

WEALTH.

Let those who wish have sordid wealth for me,
 All that I ask is a sufficiency;
 But give me this, and give me peace and health,
 What miser can desire a greater wealth.
 Or give me but content, take all the rest,
 With her alone content I to be blest.
 Give me enjoyment and poverty,
 Rather than sorrow and immensity.
 Give me the riches which my wants restrain;
 But give me not the indigence of gain :
 Or give me wisdom heavier than gold,
 Give me the treasure which cannot be sold,
 With that I'll buy (for with it can be bought)
 A happiness more worthy to be sought.
 The treasures which the richest mines unfold
 Are merely trash not worthy to be told.
 The greatest riches lie within a thought,
 The rest is more than worthless, less than naught.

Curse of mankind, be ever gone from me,
 O may I never be possessed,
 If I cannot be satisfied with thee,
 I destitute must then be blessed.

Yes, go I pray like any other curse,
 Stay not because thou seem'st to shine,
 My heart I value more than my purse,
 My soul more than each; it is divine.

Come poverty with happiness I pray,
 If wealth is ever found with care,
 For care is seldom else than misery,
 And misery is soon despair.

Let those who wish, take misery and gold,
 The envied dust of many a churl;
 Let those be bought who freely will be sold
 For shining nothings of the world.

Why give to others when the golden hue
 Gives me no pleasure. Sure
 If 'tis the want of happiness to you,
 To them 'twill be no mere.

If nature valued it as high as we
 Why placed it not among the stars;
 Why hurl it in the bowels of the sea,
 Or lock it by the Andes' bars?

Where our folly, and our far worse aim,
 Have sought it and exposed to view
 To man a dreadful source of crime and shame
 Unknown before we knew.
 Why is it not the needful bread of life
 To show its value unto men ;
 Can its just followers be pain and strife,
 And this its value then ?
 If gold is riches worth a moment's thought
 Why is the miser yet so poor,
 Why pass away when gained or almost bought ?
 Death robs man of his store.
 If aimed to lengthen life or to secure
 Why should it be the source of death ;
 Why is its worth when death approaches o'er,
 Why step between a flatterer and bliss ?
 Why comparatively easy thus to gain
 If scarcity ye count its joy ?
 What but one good that all men can obtain,
 But not by means which gold employ.
 Mortal forbear to prize too high,
 Think of it as the source of ill,
 If ye prefer it to futurity,
 E'en that is sacrilegious still.
 It points the base assassin's murderous steel,
 And even leads astray the good,
 Attracts the soldier's contumelious zeal,
 And inundates whole realms with blood.
 What power has not gold gained o'er the heart,
 To lead it from the path of right ;
 What ill does not it to mankind impart,
 And wholly what is its delight ?
 'Tis poisonous draughts distill'd from orphan's bread,
 It gratifies, but to demand
 More eager cravings for its needless need,
 Submits to sway but to command.
 It draws the soul along from stage to stage,
 Making void what it can't supply,
 Involves the feelings in its burning rage,
 Till naught can ever gratify.
 It brings the madman first to love the world,
 For what its ruins may afford,
 But soon he rises, though in ruin hurled,
 Above its limits and its richest hoard.
 Salvation soon can scarcely bound his reach,
 Since its preference thus deceives,
 Ambition foiled or not and pain must teach
 The richest treasure which it gives.
 Cursed be the bosom which by gold is swayed,
 No other love can harbour there,

Gold ne'er a friend but many a foe has made,
 That is its worth—and this my pray'r:—
 That those who ask to give it to the poor,
 For ever with it be they blessed ;
 But those who crave it for the filthy store
 May never with it be distressed.

SCRAPS.

Sage Prudence, then, must sure be wise,
 But fear is folly in disguise.

If Nature forms the Idiot's brains,
 To tell him of it, she never takes the pains.

Good men no higher ever rose,
 Than when slandered by their foes.

Call him rich who has a mind
 From ignorance and vice refined :
 'Tis he who has a precious store ;
 But call the fool and vicious poor.

If you are determined to be miserable,
 Be cheered—you'll always find *one* thing to trouble.

The physic that a wise man gives,
 Can cure but few, for few receives.

And all must own this solemn fact—
 Naught in the name before we act :
 But that by acting, which we gain,
 Is all—acknowledged must remain.

Suffering and fear admit of no excuse :
 They soon must fortitude or death produce.

Blessings' value we should know—
 Not by their jeopardy or loss—
 But should prefer the former cross,
 Far rather than the latter wo.

From those who have in things excelled,
 Which others never tried,
 Censure, at least, should be withheld,
 Or lightly be applied.

Authority, indeed, will make the worthless vain,
As often as it gives the meritorious pain.

An honest man in every thing is true—
In thoughts, in words—yea, and in actions too.

THE INDIAN CHIEF IN THE HANDS OF HIS ENEMIES.

Blockheads! what are you doing there?
What pain is it I cannot bear?
Usurpers of our soil, 'tis vain—
A soul like mine can feel no pain.
I'd even teach thee how to make
Fires around your victim's stake:
But all in vain would be the worst,
Whate'er ye could inflict or durst.
'Tis vain to tell me what am I,
Your prisoner, condemned to die.
What else! my limbs are in your hands—
My soul comes under no commands:
You may take my life. What then?
My soul disdains the power of men.
Although ye have me in your power,
You've paid beforehand for this hour:
Recall the day at Dripping-Forks—
Ye fled like pigmies from our 'hawks.
There lay your friends, a grateful sight;
They made the feasting of that night:
In vain I never drew my bow—
This tawny arm brought many low.
In dead of night, on yonder steep,
When ye were tired, sunk in sleep,
We crept along, and swept the prize—
Such streams of gore regaled our eyes!
Your warrior's prayer, your infant's cry,
Were joy to us; alike they die.
Again your kindred furnish feasts
To hungry Red men and to beasts:
And thee! I chanced to have in view—
I drew my aim, and pierced thee through.
Where yon umbrages mark the west,
I slew thy son, my slumbering guest.
Thy sword is from its coward sheath,
Be famed by such a warrior's death:
Yes, strike! the injury erase;
Stare not such valour in the face.
Strike! let me join my fallen friends—
They are no more! they've served their ends.

Well, then, forbear—drunk were our steels
 With White men's blood. Your timid heels
 Were stained with red, and we did cease;
 Ye begged, and we agreed on peace.
 Again ye thought yourselves secure,
 Again we thirst for trickling gore;
 When yonder sun had left the sky,
 Around your dwellings close we lie:
 And when ye rest, no more to toil,
 We seize upon the helpless spoil.
 Your streams run purple with your blood,
 Your bodies block Ohio's flood.
 Where is the wood which did not aid
 To roast the food your brethren made?
 Yes! I glory in such deeds. I boast
 That doing thus, I thinned your host;
 I glory now I'm left alone—
 My soul is far above thy own.
 Thy threats as innocent doth appear
 As air which wafts them to my ear:
 Distort thy face! thou little boy—
 Recoil! thy anger is my joy;
 Shrink from the Tiger of the wood,
 His glances freeze thy coward blood.
 Unskilled tormentors! desist, for shame!
 For me the coal withholds its flame:
 Not thus for you—if you were so,
 The wind would not refuse to blow.
 Ah! cease—your efforts have no force;
 Let stubborn nature take her course:
 Cease from your lunacy of soul,
 Your tortures but myself extol.
 Do as you will, 'tis all in vain—
 My glory I will tell again:
 Our song of war ye heard with dread,
 And many of the White men bled;
 Your bones were heaped on every field,
 For there we learned to make you yield.
 The forest Vultures eager sought
 The wooded hills where we had fought:
 They gladly heard your parting groans—
 We fed them on your bleaching bones.
 We joined your Fathers; who, as you,
 Are false,—a selfish, subtle crew:
 They leagued to give us all your lands,
 But those we had are in your hands.
 How they deceive! We serve their turn—
 We beg for help; but then they spurn.
 Where is the plain, the stream, the glade,
 That did not urge our parting shade?

We valiant warred. Ye proved too strong—
 No more the breezes waft our song
 Beside Ohio's bloody stream,—
 My heart melts at the sickening theme!
 Ye laid us low; my Red men fell—
 No more I hear their eager yell;
 No others rise to fill their stead,—
 "I cannot animate the dead."
 Their bones lie mould'ring on the plain;
 Alas! they ne'er can stir again.
 Your dread for them may now be o'er,
 For, ah! they cannot harm you more.
 My fate outweighs my weaker will,—
 "But give me men, I'd fight you still!"
 I'm yours; do with me as you please—
 I care not: let me be at ease;
 I ask not life or liberty,—
 Just deal the blow, and set me free.

THE CONGRESS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

Thy instruments of sound, Erato, bring—
 The band of Seventy-six,
 In some exalted air of angels sing;
 Or grant new powers to a minor muse,
 To pens unknown to fame
 Intrust the theme. To ev'ry ear the news
 Immortal sages—heroes—numerous—one,
 Who dared their names affix
 To Freedom's scroll before the awful sun,
 In reach of tyrants' wrath, and well designed
 To spread dismay and shame
 As feasts unto their rage, and ruin to mankind.

Who dared to grasp at freedom, drenched in gore—
 Or from the valiant grave
 To draw forth life, and spend it as before?
 Who dared re-echo with uplifted hands,
 "Give liberty or death!"
 The bondage of the tomb before the tyrant's bands?"
 Who dared proclaim unto the sceptred world,
 "Thy death or smiles we crave.
 Tremble at the motto now unfurled?"
 Who dared be virtuous, that their only crime,
 To pawn their vital breath
 On points of bayonets, to sweeten time!

With these alone, Columbia, thou art great—
 Great were these without thee—
 Great were they without an oppressed state;
 Exalted worthies, then is nature thine;
 To serve a state is man:
 To free a nation then must be divine.
 Who in a moment as by magic art,
 From mystery yet free,
 Gave and possessed all that can please the heart,
 Their names to fame, their all to serve mankind—
 Their minds they give to Heaven,
 And all their powers tested and refined.

Adore the God who gave us such a band,
 Himself reflected there—
 The saviours, guardians, rulers of the land;
 The God who lengthened out the brittle thread
 Beyond the common reach—
 Beyond (for Freedom's sake) Tyrannies dead;
 The hand that in their lives and deaths is shown,
 Old, unoppressed by care,
 They sink enseraphed to the state unknown—
 Who gave us "Fathers" of that glorious age,
 Almost "the day" to each,
 Is made the *message* of a patriot sage.

AN HOUR'S WALK.

I walked out one evening alone;
 Brown Autumn had covered the plain—
 I sighed at the marks of his reign,
 It pointed to which all are prone.
 The herbs which so lately were gay,
 Lay strewn, or had withered around;
 The flowers adhered to the ground,
 Their beauties were faded away:
 Reflections straightway brought to mind
 That they would also rise again—
 So pointed the last mortal pain,
 And pointed the rise of mankind.
 The abundance which covered the field,
 Taught the gratitude I owed to God—
 The harvest which sprung from the sod,
 The harvest the high branches yield;
 The feathered musicians, the birds,
 Each chose for his journey a friend,
 They never each other offend;
 The beasts form themselves into herds—

This taught me the duty I owed
 To neighbor, to brother, to friend,
 That love must with alliance blend,
 And that each was dependent it showed;—
 Preparing to fly far away,
 Preparing for future events,
 It taught me what I must be hence,
 Unless I provided as they.
 Nature—the children of nature,
 Taught me that to idle was sin,
 That pleasure is sweetened by pain,
 That each was to every creature.
 The waste of the hill, and the fall
 Of the leaves and each fading flower,
 Taught me time and time's killing power—
 Taught an end is allotted to all.
 The thistle which waved its proud head
 And armor on every side,
 That once abounded in pride,
 It now taught me that it was dead;
 This learned me that pride must be check'd,
 That each passion and lawless desire
 Will meet with its fate and expire—
 That its joys must shortly be wreck'd.
 I knew not how men could deny
 What God had affirmed in his book :
 Into view whatever I took,
 Confirmed me that Atheists lie.
 This walk was of service to me—
 It taught me how knowledge is earned,
 It taught me whate'er can be learned—
 Kind Nature will teach, if we see.
 I heard not far off a knell :
 A grave was receiving its trust,
 A brother was mingling with dust—
 I hastened to muse in my cell.

THE GREAT.

Who are the great? Two sorts with mankind dwell :
 Those who act ill, and those who manage well.
 The great and bad must have a store of cash,
 Or treated he will be as so much trash;
 He must have power himself to give and keep,
 Or else his wants will put his friends asleep ;

His praise is floated on the vacant air,
 But read the heart—there's no such kindness there.
 He rides on flattery : his worth is told,
 But all he gets must be the price of gold.
 In life he's honored—far and wide is famed,
 In death forgotten, or deriding named ;
 He ne'er was happy, though that was his aim—
 He ne'er was known, although he wedded fame—
 He ne'er done right in all his well spent days—
 He ne'er done any thing : so ends his praise.
 The great and good is great because he's good ;
 He's rich because he's poor : and, as he should,
 Is sage ; he is a fool in his own eyes,
 Because all others know him to be wise ;
 He's loved, not for the wealth which he may own,
 But is esteemed but for himself alone ;
 He's praised with words when he abroad doth roam,
 And praised with hearts when he is found at home.
 His actions praise him—far the greatest fame
 That, as a blessing, to a man e'er came ;
 His heart commends him, purer never was,
 And he commends his heart for what he does.
 He lives the good man as the good man dies :
 He honored falls, and far more honored lies.
 Happiness on all, as could he, he bestowed,
 And on himself the purer fountain flowed ;
 He lived the great man, and expired then
 To be more great, more good, more wise than men—
 Those who wish happiness, must live as he.
 Would you be great ? then good alike him be—
 Be wise, by choosing such a course as this,
 Be famed, by having such a name as his—
 Be this on earth. If heavenly bliss you crave,
 Be good—and rise an angel from the grave.

THE MAGNOLIA.

Near raging Mississippi's stream
 See the Magnolia laurel rise—
 Enlivened by the solar beam,
 It proudly mounts towards the skies.
 Its trunk the marble pillar as
 Its conic top profoundly bears,
 Arabian fragrance sweet it has,
 Its beauty as the rose-bush wears ;
 Its blooms around wide open spread,
 O'er which reflecting sun-beams play,
 Adorn in white sublime its head,
 And give a lustre unto day.

The wandering Indian starts aghast
 At the astounding laurel's height,
 And gazes on the rich repast
 Which Nature gave unto the sight.
 He snuffs the breezes' rich perfume,
 Which floats as if from Heaven around,
 And long reclines beneath the bloom,
 To hear o'erhead the humming sound.

EGISTIE AND MARIDA—A TALE.

Behold the most deserving lovers part—
 How can they separate? they have one heart.
 Hand in hand, with heaving bosoms, they
 Sob out adieu, and for each other pray.
 Egistie, what a Raphael or a West
 Would draw to touch with love an angel's breast,
 Without the grace of motion or those eyes—
 The form had borrowed graces from the skies!
 She gently bows to hide whatever trace
 May chance to be depicted on her face.
 Angelic creature! what a contrast here!
 Here grief and beauty, but they join in one—
 Her very sorrow, sweetness doth appear,
 And all her beauties in one channel run
 Into her eyes, directed now above,
 And tell as much, it seems, as heart can love.
 The form before her, far as worth can go,
 Deserves her favor and deserves her wo:
 Tall, graceful, handsome, genuine tenderness,
 Contrasted with his military dress—
 His mind the same, but what his sex requires,
 One warms with love, and one with rapture fires.
 "Farewell, Egistie!"—"Marida! fare thee well!"
 "We meet, but when, no mortal tongue can tell."

* * * * *

"Kind gentle folks, admit me to your shed,
 For one short night protect a soldier's head;
 Oft has he fought, o'er many a region stroll'd,
 And all for you—once screen him from the cold."
 "Egistie, child! why tremble ye all o'er?
 I'll warrant he'll not harm you—ope the door.
 Yes, welcome! welcome, soldier; draw a chair—
 Partake of what we have; and if it were
 A thousand times superior, for your sake,
 A soldier's sake, thou shouldst as free partake."

You look quite fresh, sir, for a man of war ;
 Come, take thy supper, then thy story tell—
 Tell whence occurred, of thine, that ugly scar :
 Egistic likes to hear a soldier well ;
 She begs to know, in all, where you have been.
 Have e'er you heard—have you Marida seen ?”
 “ Marida ? yes—the brave Marida rests !
 No war awakes—no sorrow now molests.
 I saw him fall, unconquered, by my side—
 He heaved ‘ Egistic !’ looked to heaven, and died !
 Though now ten years have lengthened out their race,
 I yet can see the burnings of his face.
 Where danger called, I saw him furious fly
 Across the field like eagle through the sky.
 I saw his tomb—some weeping friend had said :
 ‘ Beneath this stone the virtuous is laid.’
 I fell beside him in the deadly strife,
 And to save his would given e'en my life.
 But now Marida sleeps ; full honoured lies—
 His virtue gave a passport to the skies.
 Cease, gentle maiden ! Cease, Egistic, dear !
 Do not insult the happy with a tear.”
 “ O, God ! Almighty Lord ! thy summons give :
 If he is dead, how can Egistic live ?
 From this day forth, be wretchedness my doom,
 Till death shall come to dissipate the gloom :
 I e'er shall mourn the messenger's delay,
 As for Marida's life I once did pray ;
 I shall through endless grief and sorrow sigh,
 Till I shall join him in the world on high !”
 “ O, fair Egistic ! hope may yet attend—
 Perhaps a chance Marida did befriend :
 I yet have hope, though love augments our fears ;
 If all were known, thou wouldst withhold thy tears.
 They say he lives. I know myself he lives ;
 And now, though far, he for Egistic grieves.
 I know his place : you shall Marida see,
 And you and he shall ere long happy be :
 You shall to-night behold Marida's smile—
 He now impatient listens at the stile.”

THE SHIPWRECK.

One stormy night,
 Far o'er the billow hung the ship :
 Still hope was bright ;—
 A prayer was heard from every lip.
 Hopes, fears deceive—
 The ardent lover of their very form

Is left to grieve—
 Still raged the angry storm.
 Their leaky bark
 Rushed fearless through the dashing foam :
 Oft some kind spark
 Above shone sweet, like thoughts of home.
 But fate declared
 The doom of this ill-fated crew :
 Not one was spared,
 Except two youths, the friendliest two !
 The ship was wreck'd :
 The angry billows o'er it swept ;
 Death was decked
 In all his horror ; e'en the living wept.
 They scarce were saved :
 They hoped nor wished scarce to escape ;
 The vessel staved
 Against a rock ! In every shape
 Was horror there :
 One wave dashed o'er them all !
 A shriek despair
 Was all the effort nature made !
 A rock's proud head,
 Which peeped above the playful tide,
 The sailor's dread,
 The surges gambolled on its side,
 A lonely strand :
 From half a plank, their tott'ring boat,
 The brothers land—
 Their only hope this dreadful port.
 The sea supplied
 All natures crave, but gave no more ;
 Borne on the tide,
 From some more hospitable shore.
 This source soon dries—
 The faithless wind now veered about :
 Their wandering eyes
 No sail enchants : no hope, no doubt !
 Their fate is sure :
 The storm sweeps some, as savage coast—
 And with its roar,
 No meat, no dew to them is tost !
 " Home ! once more home !"
 Their constant and their latest cry ;
 " All things for home !"
 But soon the wretched couple die !
 This their record
 Embalmed, upon the Indian thrown,
 All chance has awed,
 And comes to us : 'tis all that's known.

COLUMBIA IN FUTURE AGES.

Hail great America ! Columbia free !
 The golden clime ; the home of liberty :
 But take thy gaudy jewels from thy breast
 (Unto thee riches ; to another pest.)
 But stand displayed, but, in thy freedom bright.
 Thou art the Alpha in creation's sight.
 Although the other day, to thee a birth,
 Till then omitted in a view of earth,
 Thou art so great—and though thou art so great,
 Thou yet art small ; yet in thy infant state.
 Gay fancy on the wings of truth displayed,
 Shows bright thy image through futurity's shade.
 Scarce she upon the dazzling form can gaze,
 Scarce we allow imagination's praise.
 So noble, and so free ; a century more
 Will find thee what no other was before.
 Thy northern limits to the Pole shall reach ;
 Thy southern bound, the Caribbean beach :
 Thy western States shall greet Pacific's spray ;
 And all the eastern border own thy sway.
 Where savage beasts now dare the Indian's might,
 Gay farms and villages shall charm the sight :
 Where prowls the Tiger—where the raven croaks ;
 Where now the forest rears her lofty oaks,
 Bold cities shall ascend in awful pride,
 And swarming regions spread on every side.
 Where now the river glides through thickets dark,
 See many a pilot steer his cheerful bark :
 His charge the treasures of the Campaign : now
 The province of the herded Elk or Cow.
 Thy commerce, shall to every city sail ;
 Thy fleets shall strike the cringing despot pale :
 Where wretched nations for their freedom war
 Thy legions voluntary shall repair ;
 Crusaders to the Holy Land ; distressed ;
 For such are struggling countries when oppressed.
 Ten thousand names, with those already thine
 Shall with thy glory and duration shine :
 Thyself enfrued ; a refuge for distress,
 What can ennoble more, or higher bless ?
 The genius of old Greece and Rome shall be
 Connected with thy happy liberty,
 Refined by age, and passage o'er the sea :
 And transportation to thy purer sky,
 Where virtue, wisdom, right, shall never die.
 Thy greatness, fancy's picture shall transcend ;
 Thy time shall with all future ages blend,
 And with eternity shall scarcely end.

LIFE.

And what is life beside a dream ?
 The influence of the solar beam ;
 The flying shadow of a cloud ;
 The exchange of the frock and shroud :
 A century, a year, a day,
 A shade whose presence sweeps it 'way ;
 Whose wealth is half a moment's breath,
 Whose time, a walk from death, to death ;
 The toy of fools, the pride of none ;
 A race commenced as soon as run :
 Nay, every thing it can be made ;
 It every thing can make with aid.
 And any thing 'tis made by us,
 So can it make, and so it does.
 'Tis man ; and man is what he is,
 A thing of pain, a thing of bliss :
 'Tis nothing ; and to us 'tis all ;
 It marks our rise, it marks our fall ;
 It marks our full, our vacant place,
 It marks our honor or disgrace :
 To heaven or hell, an avenue,
 Which human nature must pass through.
 'Tis reason's and 'tis sorrow's dawn,
 Or happiness and wisdom's morn ;
 A dreadful trial of the best,
 To all a necessary test ;
 A time to choose and to refuse,
 A time to gain, a time to lose ;
 A time to laugh, a time to cry,
 A time to live, a time to die ;
 A time for all which man concerns,
 But which he seldom ever learns.
 O life ! O time ! O man ! all one
 To day began, to morrow done.
 We should be friendly, helping be,
 Since all are of one family ;
 Not injure, or abuse each other,
 Or spurn the friendship of another.
 Why on the foe, of each one, call
 On Death, the enemy of all.
 Prefer a stranger to a brother,
 The offspring of a common mother.
 Since life's a dream, a glance at light,
 Improve it ere it change to night :
 A time of exchange ; early done,
 Then give it for a better one ;
 Whate'er its small extent, it can
 Be managed for the good of man.

Since it can be whate'er you'll make,
 The wisest measures with it take:
 Convert it to a proper use,
 And never harm it with abuse.
 'Tis man, and man himself must love;
 'Tis little here, but all above.
 Yes tis all; then know it such,
 You cannot prize the hour too much:
 Too small you cannot think its space;
 Too slow you cannot run its race.
 Reject the bad, accept the best;
 For this is each one's interest.
 To live and die is all you have,
 'Tis all a mortal ought to crave;
 Learn what life is: 'tis wisdom's trade
 All of man's weaknesses to aid.

THE PLAIN OF LEXINGTON.

Great plain! exalted are thy plants indeed—
 Fed with the blood of patriots, who here did bleed:
 Thine is the mighty fame to quench thy thirst
 With streams from hearts that bled for freedom first.
 The stage on which that goddess thrust aside
 The Tyrant's shackles, and for vengeance cried.
 Long triumphed o'er, at last she struck the blow,
 And hurled her raging eagles on the foe.
 The sun that morn that smiled upon the scene,
 In fame embalmed this consecrated Green,
 And warmed with ardour every patriot son,
 To point, in fight for liberty, a gun.
 Here first our sires the despot's rage did face,
 Here burnt the genuine ardour of our race:
 First met they here to pass the dreadful test,
 The infant's heart, the tyrant's shielded breast.
 Thy mould drank deep, of the oppressor's gore,
 First by our injured Fathers made to pour:
 Ye trembled for their sakes at every peal,
 And fearful heard the clashing of our steel.
 But rest contented; though a few did fall,
 Alone they fell not; and they died for all.
 Henceforth, when nations proudly wear the chain,
 They oft will think of Lexington's red plain,
 All crimsoned with the blood of tyrants slain;
 And shall more confidential dare believe
 That God the virtuous will sure reprieve.
 No doubt when Greece and France swore to be free,
 And patriotic Poland thought of thee,

The tyrant thinks upon thy name with dread,
 And binds less hard to save his guilty head.
 Thou art the first of many a bloody field
 Where slaves and kings alternatively yield:
 Led forth to battle to oppose God's laws,
 And led to fight in Liberty's good cause.
 The flame which burned here, though in blood oft
 drenched,
 Has never yet, nor ever will be quenched,
 Until the luminary there which rose,
 Shall have exterminated Freedom's foes;
 Though Bunker's Hill, and many a hill beside,
 Thick set with steel, the lawless Power defied,
 Yet for Columbia's freedom, first did run
 The blood of Tyranny, at Lexington.
 Repose, full honoured, freedom-yielding plain,
 The happy harvest, which is reaped with pain;
 But once secured, we far more cheerful dine,
 And know that virtue and liberty combine.

WHAT FIRST MAN'S STATE REQUIRES OF MAN.

First, man requires that nature should give life,
 Which she submits to most complaisantly:
 Then she demands in turn a task of him,
 Which, to perform, scarce folly can deny.
 When reason lends her sun to light the mind,
 We then are made responsible to act:
 We see all things around us wise and good,
 And seemingly designed for our use.
 Some other Power we know bestowed all these:
 We then should know that Power, to give our thanks;
 Know how to act to keep the blessings given,
 And learn those blessings to secure yet hid.
 Our first display of thought upon us breaks,
 And shows us we are largely in arrears;
 And should no other credit be to us,
 Our time would be well filled with retribution.
 Of all around us we must learn the use,
 And learn our wants, and how they are supplied.
 All things placed in our care we must improve,
 Especially the soul's appendages;
 Learn to live well in this terrestrial night,
 To be prepared to live through endless day.
 All gratitude to God is justly due,
 And to ourselves a wish for happiness.
 Nature can hardly err; know nature, then;
 Observe what reasonable nature is:

She many requisitions makes of man,
 But easy to be paid—all for his good.
 If nature's silent on our duty's side,
 Then God demands they should be well performed.

GRIEF UNAVAILING.

“ Why grievest thou, dejected fair?”
 “ This sad bereavement who can bear?”
 “ Will sorrow bring to pain relief?
 Is fortitude then worse than grief?”

BATTLE.

The busy field with lightnings flash,
 Their armour all so bright,
 And dreadful preparation's clash
 Resounds from left to right.
 The awful hesitation o'er,
 The deadly blade comes down:
 Enrapt in flame, the cannons roar,
 See danger and renown!
 As if the world were all on fire,
 The bloody combat burns;
 Still roaring, flaming, sparkling higher,
 From rank to rank, by turns.
 A Stygian fog o'erspreads the whole,
 And all is solemn night;
 But now more loud the thunders roll,
 Now higher burns the fight.
 Amidst the earthquakes of the war,
 That bellows forth around,
 Here now a shriek, there a huzza,
 A sad foreboding sound!
 The dying die, the living will—
 There, danger courage gives;
 Their greatest triumph is to kill,
 He bears the palm who lives.
 The bloody plain we dare not scan,
 'Twill redden us with truth:—
 All things are better unto man
 Than he is to himself!
 How bold to fight for liberty!
 'Tis being born afresh;
 How noble to fight bravely!
 The coward must confess.
 Our mother Earth should not be red
 With one another's blood,
 Where innocence, where goodness bled
 The conquest is not good!

ADDRESS TO GOD.

Almighty God of heaven and earth, how can
 A worm approach Thee, in the form of man !
 When holy music ever greets thy ear,
 How can a being so debased appear !
 Before thy throne dare raise unhallowed sounds,
 When perfect souls thy awfulness confounds !
 How can such hearts, unpurified, dare raise
 From sinful lips a voice in prayer or praise !
 How can this body instigate the eye,
 This clod of earth to gaze for once on high !
 But, Lord, thy tender mercies have no bound—
 Thou bidst this clay with gratitude resound :
 This insect thou allowest to praise or pray,
 To look on high, beyond the realms of day.
 This heart glows for the gracious liberty,
 And dares to move the tongue in praise to Thee :—
 Almighty Father ! thou didst form this earth,
 And kindly gave to me on it a birth,
 With all the blessings which around me are,
 And all the future bliss which I may share.
 Although in dust, in sin I still remain,
 Thou bidst me hope I was not made in vain.
 Shade of that gratitude, bliss of the blest,
 Accept, oh Lord ! from this half-thankful breast ;—
 To Thee all glory for thy kindness sent,
 To Thee all glory for these bounties lent ;
 All praise be thine, 'tis due from only me,
 If only I was ever blest by Thee.
 What this weak, faulty tongue cannot impart,
 Lord, read it in an overflowing heart ;
 Through all my days may I one gift repay,
 May I full know the blessings of one day ;
 May all thy gifts to me be fully known,
 To fit my heart to thank thee, Lord, for one.
 All glorious God ! Jehovah ! Lord divine !
 Eternal gratitude and glory thine !
 With heavenly anthems let a mortal's rise,
 To praise the Sovereign of the earth and skies.
 All tongues, all hearts in grateful song combine,
 In adoration to the Power Divine,—
 Nor cease when heaven and earth shall pass away,
 But sing enraptured through eternal day.
 For all the joy with which my heart is swelled,
 For all the evil which thou hast withheld,
 For all thy blessings, Lord, for those I know,
 For those as kind, unknown thou didst bestow,—
 For all the blessings which to man are given,
 For all the bliss which angels taste in heaven,—

With my ascension, rise my praises higher,
 A mortal's tongue, a Seraph's holy lyre ;
 Alone, if none will aid my joyous song,
 Above in concert with the angelic throng,—
 For thou art God, the Maker, Saviour too,
 For thou art good, for all is all thy due :
 Thy presence is in every thing displayed,
 The searching eye must see and shrink dismayed ;
 In those bright worlds, which far beneath Thee roll,
 In every insect's place, from pole to pole !
 Where'er thy presence, there thy goodness strays,
 And with a bliss thy influence repays.
 Omniscient, Omnipresent, holy Lord,
 If man must be ungrateful, how unawed !
 To see thy glory thus, and not extol
 Thy name with all his heart, and all his soul ;
 To see this kind arrangement, for him all,
 And not before thy august temple fall.
 All things are his, which ask but his request
 To make him comfortable, more than blest :
 The earth, the air, the skies are for his use,
 A sacred soul salvation if he choose ;
 All good for him—he's made for lasting joy,
 For him no ill—for evil will destroy !
 Oh ! let him know his end, Almighty Power !
 And be prepared to meet the mortal hour ?
 Dispel his fears, forgive his wickedness !
 Give hope, give faith, and with true knowledge bless !
 All for thy glory ; what he needs dispense,
 To teach him how to live for ever hence !

FRAGMENT.

The busy world drives on the man,
 And leaves half-finished all his plan.
 Within the world is folly bare—
 Wisdom, goodness, is not there :
 She must flourish in retreat,
 She will not linger in the street.
 Wisdom still will wear disguise,
 She ne'er shines plainly to the eyes ;
 She folly seems to ignorance,
 And scarce lies in her own expanse ;
 Where'er she is, we always find
 The maiden lovely, good and kind,
 Always seeming to be blind,
 But with optics most refined.

THE WASHINGTONIAN-

AN EPIC POEM.

Ye brave who live for freedom's sake
 Learn what your Chief has done ;
 The bold, the good, the nobly great,
 Immortal Washington !

Ye wise, it interests you too,
 For his was wisdom's part,
 Ye virtuous also mark his course,
 For he was good at heart.

From monarch proud to meanest boor,
 Whose toil that monarch feeds,
 None may unprofitably scan
 The record of his deeds.

One course of greatness was his own,
 One glorious path he ran,
 From smiling youth to hoary age,
 From infancy to man.

That spirit which his God sent forth
 To make him best of men,
 For ever, peerless, he retained
 Till summoned back again.

Then sing, my Muse, a chosen song,
 Connected with his name,
 His acts unequalled, nobly done,
 And his immortal fame.

Where liberty dare sound her name
 Let his example shine
 To cheer, to guide the struggling band
 In slavery who pine.

Then snap the galling bands in twain,
 Lay the oppressor low,
 And gain the bliss which freedom yields
 To Tyrants' meanest foe.

Then sound the cheerful notes of war,
 'Tis nature's calls invite ;
 Undaunted, seize the patriot sword,
 And rush into the fight.

Die, though unconquered, on the field
 Where freedom may be won,
 Rather than live to shameful age
 By tyranny outdone.

Where now proud cities rear their walls,
 And millions teem upon the soil
 Where merry commerce hoards her gold,
 And thousands for wealth or pleasure toil,—

Once frowned the dreary wilderness,
 Once roved the forest child ;
 As savage as the beasts which ranged
 Throughout that horrid wild.

Here in his native fierceness dwelt
 The Indian thirsting blood,
 And e'en that serpent-teeming waste
 No mean heart might withhold.

But all the horrors which here reigned,
 Which nobly he might shun,
 Which well might daunt the boldest heart,
 Could not young Washington.

His country calls, he must obey
 No thought of else beside ;
 He boldly dares the perilous way
 Alone, all but a guide.

Now see amid these savage wilds
 Opprest with hunger, cold,
 The stripling youth, a nation's arm,
 The hero young and bold.

Through ways unknown he marked his path,
 Sufficient to appall
 The stoutest hearts—Ah, his beside,
 And sought the savage Gaul.

And for his country's safety sues,
 Ah could *he* sue in vain ?
 His mission o'er, his duty done,
 He starts for home again.

Along his path a savage lurks,
 And marks him for his prey ;
 His deadly tube ne'er known to fail
 Refuses to obey.

Though scarce an hundred hand-breadths off
 Unhurt, he 'scaped the ball ;
 The wondering savage stood aghast
 To see he did not fall !

Who that breathes and knows a God
 But marks here his goodness well ;
 The hero undismayed did stand
 Where thousands would have fell.

And mark his nobleness of soul
 In one so young and warm,
 Although the savage he did take,
 He done to him no harm.

Ye olden bards tell of the great
 Their bravery—what you will,

Boast ye of kingdoms won, destroyed,
Your heroes' might and skill.

But from the Macedon to the Swede
Select their deeds with care,
And think of Washington in this—
None can with him compare.

The hero on his glittering throne,
Whom millions may behold,
May do some noble act indeed,
But 'tis but to be told.

But in the obscure ways of life,
Which fame and shame do shun,
'Tis naught but goodness that can prompt
To actions nobly done.

'Tis noble in a youth, fourteen,
To lay its fire aside,
And act as if his duty were
His interest and his pride.

Where is that youth? you scarce could prove,
One noble thus to be;
But read my story and you'll find
George Washington was he.

Within his breast war's glory burns,
A sailor he would be;
But ah, his mother is averse
To fighting and the sea.

He sees before him wealth and fame,
And every tempting thing,
But he would not his parent cross
To be the greatest king.

The dazzling prospect cannot blind;
He turns his eyes away,
And sacrifices youth's warm hope
His mother to obey.

The shock was great, but all can breast
What is to be withstood,
His fame America had lost
If he had been less good.

Where Monongala rushes on
Impetuous o'er his bed,
See the devoted army move
By haughty Braddock led.

There are men both stout at heart,
And to their sovereign true,
The Briton valiant and bold,
And the Virginia Blue!

Slowly and silently march on
 Thousands who there must fall,
 Their thoughts perhaps on home and friends,
 And joys which may befall.

But hist! an hundred sounds are heard,
 The rifles keen report :
 A yell as if ten thousand wolves
 Had raised their horrid note.

Beneath that peal see hundreds sink
 Of the bold English train,
 And many a brave Virginian
 No more to rise again !

See the undaunted Washington
 From rank to rank swift fly,
 And hurl upon the stubborn foe
 His brave small company.

Though balls fly round on every side,
 And whiz all through his hair,
 Not one is suffered him to harm
 For God is with him there.

Far scattered o'er that fatal plain
 Lie many a Briton's bones ;
 But unrevenged they fell not—for
 They did not fall alone,

There bleaches too the savage skull,
 Pierced by the Buckskin ball,
 And the brave Hibernian
 Was there destined to fall.

Fast sinking in the sleep of death
 He spoke to Washington :

“ O tell me, sir, dear Colonel, tell
 What's best now to be done ?

“ Forgive me, O thou bravest youth,
 That I thy council spurned ;
 O had I followed thy advice
 This fate I might have shunned !”

With all forgiveness in his looks,
 And accents sweetly mild,
 Great George replied, “ The troops won't fight,
 And half my men are killed !”

“ Poor fellows ! Brave poor fellows all,
 And those that now remain,
 Could I but live them to reward
 Not once would I complain !”

Swift flew the news throughout the land,
 And o'er the ocean wide,

How Washington so well had fought,
And turned the battle tide.

His countrymen were proud indeed,
So brave a youth to claim,
And nothing could their pride exceed
To sound his growing fame.

Fought well that day Virginia's sons,
Their British friends to save;
No hearts are truer in the fight,
None firmer or more brave.

Give them but powder, ball, and foe,
And none can better do,
Strong arms, firm nerves, and willing minds,
And aim for ever true.

The time now comes when England's king
Frowns on this happy shore,
And joy and peace must sleep awhile
Or freedom be no more.

No longer now the hardy sons
Of this unwieldy soil
Join with their English friends in war,
Or freely for them toil.

They've fought, they've bled for a retreat
From slavery's fell woes;
They'll *fight for* Britons when they're friends,
And *fight them* when they're foes.

Not now, as once, Old England sounds
To them so Motherly,
They will not, *will not*, be enslaved
Though foes their Fathers be.

Small Boston, that unkingly town
Is grown quite turbulent;
They'll drink their switchel, and not tea,
Though vessel loads are sent.

Or do their business by wholesale
Wate'er Old Albion say,
And cast the Bohea overboard,
And make tea of their bay.

Then if Old England wants to drink,
She's welcome here to come;
We're always hospitable lads,
Especially at home.

Our tea's the best in all the world
To cool a tyrant's ire,
When sweetened with a little lead
And warmed a bit with fire.

Virginia owned a Henry then,
Whom tyrants well might dread,
Who INDEPENDENCE dared to name,
And the bold doctrine spread.

Sam. Chase of happy Maryland
Made Congress halls to ring,
When with a mighty oath he swore
Resistance* to the king.

Ah, Chase, a bolder heart than thine
Ne'er warmed a human breast,
A firmer nor a greater mind
Ne'er scorned a king's behest.

There was our Congress to advise
Whatever should be done,
And there was *one* who dared obey,
This was our Washington.

Then is it strange that we are free?
What could this band not do;
To shake an empire to its base,
And build up empires too?

Much has been told of Lexington,
And until time is past,
Its fame, and those who there did fight,
In memory shall last.

Its name shall wake a generous pride
That each is one of those
Who boast of the same country
Which teems with despot's foes.

On that all-hallowed plain first met
Our fathers Briton's host,
And tried the unpractised rifle well
With veterans, England's boast.

That spirit which fired Greece and Rome,
And them to battle led,
At Lexington its life renewed,
And reared its glorious head.

Henceforth it shall supremely rule
Till time shall be no more,
And fix its mighty influence
On every happy shore.

Mankind shall glory to be free,
And to but one King bend,
And gold shall lose its damning power,
And war and strife shall end.

* "By the God of Heaven, I owe no allegiance to the King of England."—*Samuel Chase, in Congress, 1776.*

No more the earth shall poisons yield,
 Nor air waft them around,
 And meat and drink untoiled shall rise
 Spontaneous from the ground.

Angels once more shall mix with men,
 And men their temper share,
 And happiness allied to heaven,
 Shall every where appear.

How blest supremely will be those
 Who live in that great day :
 No toil, no strife, no pain, no wo,—
 All peace and harmony !

They died, though unrevenged died not,
 Round Pitcairn's flying way,
 The keen New-Englander did lurk,
 And mark his trembling prey.

For every tree, and rock, and hedge,
 Concealed a deadly foe,
 And the brave Yankees there did lay
 Full many a Briton low.

E'en crippled age its state forgot,
 The word was " free to live ;"
 And fiery youth was also found
 To gall the Fugitive.

See rise the goddess Liberty,
 Like Phœnix from the fire,
 And 'venge her long recorded ills,
 And satiate her ire.

Old Britain frowns to see the deed,
 To see her sons cut off ;
 And now she owns an enemy
 In those she used to scoff.

Lord North, that curse of England's shore,
 And scourge of Freedom's land,
 See him prepared his wrath to hurl
 From his fell, bloody hand.

The Furies rave around his brow—
 His motto " Slavery"
 Unto the weak, but nation bold,
 Who dare think to be free.

His thousand sails encloud the main,
 His myriads throng our shore ;
 His menial vassals are enraged,
 And round us wrathful pour.

But see yon little band unmoved
 At the o'erwhelming power ;

And firmly stand the shock to breast,
 Within that trying hour.
 Their eyes are turned on Washington,
 Their hopes alone on Heaven:
 Their strength, their courage, and their aim
 To save what God had given.
 And, thus prepared, they fearless wait
 Grim death or slavery:
 Not slavery—for they will die
 Ere they enslaved will be.
 Where Bunker rises from the plain,
 Majestic Boston o'er,
 Hear clash of steel, and groans of death,
 And the hoarse cannon roar.
 Scarce shines the sun upon the land,
 Ere rages mortal fight:
 Here bleeds the Briton for his king,
 The Yankee for his right.
 Old Putnam rallies round him there,
 His brave, fierce Mountain Boys,
 And Warren chooses there to die
 For liberty's sweet joys.
 Thrice fought, thrice vanquished and undone,
 The English stood the fight;
 And the bold Yankee aimed his gun
 Beneath his deadly sight:
 Dealt death upon the shattered host
 Of England's boasted pride;
 And weeps the son of liberty
 For many there who died.
 Old Putnam and his handful brave
 At last is forced to fly;
 But every step that they give way,
 Advancing Britons die.
 Like ancient Spartans, when o'erdone,
 They backwards did retreat,
 And dealt out many a mortal wound
 To those that dogged their feet.
 Rejoice, rejoice, ye chosen band,
 Who scorn a tyrant's will,
 And sound the praise of those who fell
 On Bunker's famous hill.
 Thou guardian Eagle of our soil,
 Delighted, clap thy wings,
 And soar to freedom—uncontrolled
 By emperors, lords, or kings.

Turn we to South Carolina's shore,
 To view the gallant band—
 A nation's hope, a nation's pride—
 The saviours of our land.

One little speck of earth appears,
 Washed by the ocean wave,
 Small Sullivan—and on that isle
 The band of Moultrie brave.

Far in the distance, o'er the deep,
 A hostile fleet is bent;

Oh! can that little fort withstand
 That mighty armament!

Will not the Almighty God of Heaven
 And all the Universe,
 Send forth a storm for our sake,
 And this great fleet disperse!

Will not He lash the deep to wrath,
 And raise the billows up,
 But to delay our slavery
 And ruin's bitter cup!

No—that wise God who rules above,
 Far other means doth use
 For to accomplish his great ends
 Than what poor mortals choose.

No wind doth rise, no billows rage
 To wreck the English foe—

No mortal means but seem to aid
 Our final overthrow.

Slowly but awfully advance
 The dread display of fight;
 And awful notes of readiness
 Sound through the mighty fleet.

This was a trying time to hearts
 Unused to mortal fray;
 But firm the Moultrie and his braves
 Behind their engines lay.

And poured their thunders on the fort
 The English warring men,
 And fearless the Americans
 Returned it back again.

In fort, on ship-board, all around,
 One dreadful peal and clash;
 And blood and horrid carnage comes
 With each repeated flash.

Proud waves the Eagle overhead,
 The Stars in grandeur shine—

When lo! they drop—a cannon ball
Has cut the staff in twain.

Brave Jasper leaps undaunted down,
Defiance in his face,
And snatches up the standard safe,
And puts it in its place.

“*Huzza! my sons of thunder, all!*”
Was the brave young man’s cry,
Though thousand balls around him flew—
“*’Tis liberty or die!*”

And still in all its horrid forms,
Death riots in the scene;
Each party seems resolved to die
Ere victory they resign.

How horrid is the battle field
When stained for kingly jars!
But, oh, how sweet—how glorious
The sight in freedom’s cause!

From thence, the weakest may not turn
Abhorrent at the sight—
But view with calmness death and blood,
And own the thing is right.

Let Britain’s faded laurels tell
The issue of this fray—
And fame sound forth Columbia’s praise
For a great victory.

Sir Peter Parker, great in name,
And powerful in war,
Was forced, with all his strength, to yield,
And from the fight withdraw.

Full hundreds of his gallant tars,
So blithe and gay that morn,
Now cold, dismembered—horrid sight!
In death around him strewn.

The azure ocean, far and wide,
Now stained with purple gore—
And forms of fathers, husbands, sons,
Which these shall be no more.

One silent tear and brimming glass
To Moultrie and his band,—
Success to freedom o’er the earth,
And this enfranchised land.

Where heroes bleed, may they be free,
And Virtue ever thrive,
And Freedom spread its magic reign
Till not one king’s alive.

Turn we from desperate deeds of strife,
 Where men courageous bleed,
 To scenes where men courageous think,—
 That, this can scarce exceed.

Behold yon venerable band,
 Convened in Congress Hall,
 Swear by their lives and spotless worth
 That free we shall be all.

See yon noble bearing Sage,
 A soiled sheet unroll:
 That—that is Thomas Jefferson,
 And this is Freedom's scroll.

See Adams, Sherman, Livingston,
 And Franklin, too, is there,—
 And others, no less known to fame.
 The Tyrant's wrath who dare.

The deed is done. Sent forth from Heaven,
 Angels our part defend:
 Great is the act, and good the aim,
 And God is our friend.

Wherever Freedom has a charm,
 With joy the breast to thrill,
 It shall be told, and joyous heard,
 The heart with rapture fill.

“ These States no king can justly call
 His lawful property :”

Thus said the Sage, and echoed all—
 “ WE ARE AND WILL BE FREE !

“ This we proclaim before the world—
 And this we WILL support :

We pledge our fortunes, honours, lives—
 And all to this devote.”

The deed is done ! Old earth is blest—
 Another era this :

Mankind may suffer being slaves,
 But freedom is a bliss.

Is there a trump which Fame ne'er blew,
 Men's deeds to tell around ?

There is—and for this glorious band
 The longest notes shall sound.

Old hoary time shall tardier fly
 And linger to the last,
 And *their* bright stars unclouded shine
 When others all are past.

See to the North, Long Island's beach,
 And New York's famous shore,

Once more is clad in hostile garb,
 With Armies scattered o'er.

There swarm the English swayed by Howe,
 Bright steel, and gorgeous red ;
 Here, firm, the patriotic few,
 Great Washington at head.

Loud roars the dreadful cannon round,
 'Midst the unequal fight—
 And steel meets steel—'tis life for life—
 And power 'gainst free-born right.

The God of justice slept for once,
 For once George fought in vain :
 His bleeding comrades round him lay,
 For many there were slain.

Sad was the sight to Washington,
 That tender-hearted Chief ;
 But his bold heart knew courage more
 Than weak, unmanly grief.

Though he could not his loss repair,
 His ruin had been complete,
 Had not he rallied his brave band,
 And hastened a retreat.

There goes a nation's only hope—
 A weak but noble force—
 Stronger than millions less sincere,
 And strengthened with a loss.

They fight like lions when well-matched,
 Like furies when o'erdone :
 Such men superior to a host
 When led by Washington.

There sat big Howe, impatiently,
 Awaiting for the dawn—
 Like hungry eagle of the hills
 O'er some unguarded fawn.

But lo ! when morning sun arose,
 No Washington was there—
 Safe landed on the distant shore,
 From bloody ruin far.

'Tis great to combat equal strength,
 To win a fight complete—
 'Tis greater still to 'scape a foe
 By masterly retreat.

Cold Winter comes—despair and wo
 Sway this once happy realm :
 Hope scarcely gleams upon our cause,
 Ruin hastes to overwhelm.

The haughty English, quite at ease,
 Enjoy their revelry—
 Unsoldier-like, in pleasure's arms,
 And spoils of liberty.

This happy region all their own,
 Their time in joy shall flee—
 Its wealth and fame, and beauty, all,
 Shall to their valour be.

Where now the rebel chief who dared
 Old England's might protest?—
 None thought of him, or but in scorn,
 Or rude ludicrous jest.

But ah! 'midst all their fancied peace,
 When blest they most their lot,
 That *rebel* Chief, their jest and scorn,
 Despaired not, rested not.

His watchful eye, for ever bent
 Upon his country's foes—
 When most exhausted, seems his strength,
 He boldest doth oppose.

Proud Trenton's name shall never die,
 With Freedom it shall live—
 The self-same breath that utters one,
 Shall fame the other give.

While Christmas held her merry reign
 In Britain's tented field,
 George, with his little gallant force,
 Prepared their swords to wield.

Through threatening death on every hand,
 Of flood, or storm, or foe,
 Guarded by Power, unseen by man,
 Columbia's heroes go.

Behold them rally round their Chief,
 Beloved as father, friend,
 And catch his burning words, and vow
 Still freedom to defend.

Their Country—they did scarce have one—
 Lost!—Naught but their lives at stake:
 Hope scarce they had, but if he said,
 They'd fight e'en for his sake.

Crimsoned his cheek with battle's glow,
 His restless eye darts fire—

“There are our foes, my Countrymen:
 We conquer or expire.

“One effort more, for freedom's sake—
 Heaven, lend thy guardian might!

Men! recollect the prize at stake—
On! onward to the fight!"

Bound forth a thousand gallant hearts
On the unthinking foe:
And well-tried steel and muskets' peal
Laid many Britons low.

But victory was not obtained
Without resistance true:
The Hesse and Briton warred in vain—
Some fought, some fell, some flew.

Once more rejoice, America—
Undone thou art not yet:
Thy Washington has won the day,
Once more thy foes he's met.

Britain, mourn, for thy thousand sons
Who fell on Trenton's plain,
Unwept not—for the same who slew
Beheld the sight with pain.

No brutal passions led them on
Ambitious to the fight—
Half-mourned the blood which set them free,
And fought but for their right.

Again our happy country smiles,
Again she lifts her head
Amongst the proudest of the earth
Who have for freedom bled.

That Fate which governs men and worlds
Again smiles on our cause;
And bloody Justice reigns again
O'er fell tyrannic laws.

Where winds the Sandpink, famous stream,
In Delaware to pour,
Again the angry Briton wars,
Again hear battle's roar.

One hour, and all again is lost,
But kindly night sets in—
Spreads far her sable mantle round,
And hushes battle's din.

Cornwallis waits for rosy morn
With prudence and good care;
But lo! when morning light appeared,
No Washington was there!

And even while they think upon
Lost laurels—theirs no more—
Aghast on Princeton's distant plain,
They hear our cannons roar.

On Princeton's fight we think with joy,
 And with a starting tear:
 For, though a victory we gained,
 We lost our Mercer here.

Brave, gallant hero, rest in peace,
 In vain was not thy strife:
 For tyrants envy e'en thy death,
 Much more thy glorious life.

Behold, amid the darkened scene,
 A glorious light appear!
 Here comes the gallant Fayette bold,
 Our drooping hearts to cheer:

That name then raised our joy high,
 Now clothes in black our shore—
 Revered by foes, by friends adored,
 The hero's now no more!

Sunk in the dust, but ah! his name
 Shall never, never die:
 He joins our Washington in peace,
 In love and bliss on high!

And well may we deserve the prize
 To us, which by them came;
 Virtue and honour be our guide,
 Our country's good our aim!

War's clangor echoes far and near,
 Red Bank and Germantown,
 And Bennington, and Brandywine,
 Give to our arms renown.

Brave Green, enraged, comes swooping on,
 To strike the Briton low;
 Gates, Smith, and Arnold, not less bold,
 Are hurled upon the foe.

Old Morgan, pride of honest hearts,
 As well as country's friends,
 Like some terrific, baneful star,
 Above the Briton bends.

Charles Lee delighted once to hear
 The music of our shot;
 And Wayne, Ticonderogian chief,
 Is not to be forgot.

Where Saratoga's plain extends,
 Coequal with the sight,
 See Morgan, Gates, and Arnold come,
 To give Burgoyne fight.

Bloody the battle raged, and long
 Old Britain's hearts were true—

Well fought her heroes on that day,
But all their strife won't do.

Many a Briton gasping lies
Upon his gory bed;
And many a brave Columbian there
In honour rests his head.

Here Fraser fell—and better far
If Arnold here had died—
His once-beloved country's shame,
And once his country's pride.

Then had not Andre, virtuous youth,
Have met a shameful end—
A spiteful enemy to us,
But human nature's friend.

Old Germany, too, mourns her loss
Upon this bloody day—
Hosts of her children sacrificed
For Britain's shameful pay.

O tyranny, wo of the small,
And curse unto the great;
May Europe's darkness never reach
Our happy, happy State.

But virtue and intelligence
Reign endless round our shore;
That to give peace, this to enjoy,
Till time shall be no more.

Gates won the day—great was the joy
Which echoed through our land;
But England's power in all her strength
We still had to withstand.

Our fate stood wavering to and fro,
Still mighty were our foes,
And hopeless half our rightful cause
We'd Washington to oppose.

He with his heroes firm as rocks
That breast the ocean tide,
Stood to their cause, and battled well,
Hard prest on every side.

Good Louis of the gallant French,
A nation great indeed,
Sends o'er his freedom-loving troops
Our Washington to aid.

And bravely fought they on our side
Where'er appeared the foe,
This noble act O Gallia
Shall all thy deeds outgo!

Great Franklin, wonder of mankind
 For us this deed achieved,
 And freedom's friend, the good Fayette,
 Whose death all nations grieved.

O what a sight in Heaven's eye
 To see two nations join
 In liberty, in virtue's cause,
 For good of all mankind!

Then are those nations blest indeed,
 Whate'er they do shall thrive,
 Guarded by the unchanging Power
 Their foes—how can they live!

How can the muse o'erlook good Read,
 Who spurned Britannia's gold,
 In virtue rich—poor in all else,
 Yet would he not be sold.

“ Tell your proud king that I am poor,”
 He said indignantly ;

“ Tell him with all his boasted wealth
 He ne'er could purchase me.”

So honest Paulding, Williams, Vert,
 Did love their country
 Far better than they loved wealth,
 The price of liberty.

O that was virtue's age indeed,
 Columbia e'er be so ;
 Then shalt thou ever, ever stand,
 Though all the world thy foe.

Where famed King's Mountain lifts his brow
 O'er Carolina's plain,
 See Williams, with his gallant boys,
 The bloody fight sustain.

Here Ferguson led on to war
 His boasted Marksmen true,
 And thought our gallants to defeat,
 But we had Marksmen too.

Our Rifle Boys never do
 A trigger draw in vain ;
 They soon (a ghastly sight) with dead
 Had covered o'er the plain.

Their Chief was killed but, O, too dear
 A price for him we paid ;
 For Williams, gallant Williams brave,
 Was numbered with the dead !

Mourn for him ye who knew him best,
 Ye virtue who approve,

Ah mourn ye good of all mankind,
For he did virtue love.

Sinking in death, a cry was heard
Amidst the battle's roar:

"O mercy on us, quarters give
We cannot fight you more!"

"O God," the dying Chief did ask,
"For quarters who do cry?"

"The British, Colonel—we have won"—
"Then I in peace do die!"

O Williams! what a spirit thine!
Jehovah's image there;
When such have for our freedom died
We never will despair.

Then we will fight unto the last
Our freedom to defend,
Then shall our country know no change,
Our liberty no end.

Next Camden's bloody field appears,
Where we our loss bewail;
Here with us fought the gallant French,
But all could not prevail.

Brave Marion's glorious band here fought,
The sons of chivalry,
But all in vain;—here Jasper fell,
But 'twas for liberty.

Here fought for freedom too the good,
Here fell De Kalb the brave,
Covered with wounds the hero died
But found a glorious grave.

"Too old to run," he calmly said,
"For the opprest will I
Yield cheerfully a waning life,
And for sweet freedom die."

But ere he fell that practised arm
Gave many a ghastly wound,
For many a Briton there lay dead
And bleeding on the ground.

His enemies e'en grieved his fate,
And some there were who cried

"O save, O save the baron Kalb,"
This he himself denied.

Scarce now a mark is to be found
To note the hero's grave,
But lives his memory still dear
On either side the wave,

Steuben, another chivalrous knight,
 Who came to set us free,
 Is not forgot—for ever blest
 Shall be his memory.

De Kalb, Steuben, Lafayette too,
 And the brave Polander,
 Shall ever live in Freedom's land,
 And Freedom's army cheer.

Next comes mad Tarlton on, to war
 At Cowpen's famous field—
 And thought th' Old Wagoner to take,
 And make his heroes yield.

But Morgan ever was awake—
 And there was Howard too,
 And that bold youth, polite and brave,
 Will. Washington, the true.

Here sweeps on Tarlton, sure the prize
 Which he so eager sought,
 Like angry cloud as o'er the plain
 With fiery thunder fraught.

And there, firm, Morgan's chosen band,
 To stand the dreadful shock,
 Unmoved as Alleghanian piles
 Of adamant rock.

The sun had tipt the neighboring tops
 Of pine, or spruce, or ash,
 When furious Britons onward drove,
 And on us made a dash.

But 'twon't all do, for Washington,
 The Colonel of the Horse :
 And his brave troops have drawn their swords—
 An invincible force.

Shrill sounds the music of their steel,
 As blow or thrust is given :
 Here falls the Briton, and how oft
 The sons of right and Heaven.

Old Morgan raves like lion bold—
 A truer ne'er was born ;
 Loud sounds his voice above the fight,
 To hurl his chargers on.

Now Tarlton—generous, humane soul—
 Wished not a man to die ;
 And to secure their precious lives,
 He ordered them to fly !

And then commenc'd a glorious race
 From merry Cowpen's plain :

Here pompous fly the noble Brit,
 With Morgan in his train.
 Their chargers proved themselves of blood,
 Indeed far more than mean ;
 Their riders too were jockies true,
 As good as e'er were seen.
 But we had men and chargers too,
 Who well could ride or run—
 And many an English horseman died
 Before the race was done.
 Long live the memory of the man,
 That gallant little Gaul,
 Who slew the Briton, and thus saved
 His brave commander's fall !
 A health to Morgan, long and deep,
 And his brave-hearted men,
 Who fought, and then the Briton chased
 From bloody, fam'd Cowpen !
 Where is great Washington meanwhile ?
 Turn to Virginia's coast,
 When join Columbians and French,
 To awe Cornwallis' host.
 Fierce our proud eagle soars on high,
 Above our enemy—
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! from shore to shore !
 We're free ! we're free ! we're free !
 Blow loud, ennobling trump of Fame !
 George and our arms prevail ;—
 Yes ; *We are free !*—ecstatic sound !—
 Our Independence hail !
 America, supremely great,
 Blest by the smiles of peace,
 Live nation ever as thou art,
 Thy glory ne'er shall cease.
 Where are the men who set thee free ?
 Many, alas ! have died ;
 But to reverse their memory,
 Shall be a nation's pride.
 Thou glorious remnant of that band,
 Who live to bless our days,
 Scorn not the humble Muse's prayer,
 The humble Poet's praise.
 O, may your future time be sweet
 On this side of the grave—
 A bliss to come—thy country free,
 Which you have bled to save.

One spark of that celestial fire,
Which warmed the arduous breast,
(I ask but for my country's good,)
Thy Poet's high bequest.

Shade of the Hero! fare thee well!
Mankind's sincerest friend,
A model for the great and good,
Their worth still to amend.

Great sage, a nation sounds thy praise—
Nations thy deeds admire:
Long as the burning sun shall roll,
Thy fame shall ne'er expire;—
But still shall be to mankind dear,
Friend to the sons of earth,
Thy life a chart for goodness' self,
For greatness—moral worth.

THE FRYING PAN; OR, THIEF CURED.

Tom Stealum was a curlish elf,
And loved none better than himself;
But what much more poor Tom distressed,
Was a disease that him possessed.
Since first his memory he could tax,
It had stuck to him close as wax:
Indeed, more curious complaint,
No scribbling Doctor e'er could paint;
It urges men to do what soon
Or late they'd wish they'd let alone;
It gives the fingers such an itching,
(By Taylors often caught by stitching)
That on whate'er the eye doth rest,
These meddling things would be possessed.
Its nature's known, but by the feeling,
By rigid moralists called—stealing.
But stop, ye sages grave, profound,
Much better name for it I've found:
It is not robbing, and I'll show it,
Because the honest often do it.
It is not thieving?—No, 'tis not;
In fact, the name I've half forgot.
I have it now—I have, by jings!
It's simply borrowing others' things—
Which they can have by coming for,
Or just appealing to the LAW.
Borrowing for stealing is the name—
Then steal and borrow why not the same?
To me 'tis one, for Books I've lent,
Have not come home, nor home been sent:

No more than neighbour Poly's mare,
 Which he still swears was stole by Ware.
 However, let these things all go,
 And since they are, let them be so.
 We're talking of Tom Stealum's name,
 Or should be, which is all the same—
 And of his freaks—not few—far known;
 'To 'guile the hour, we'll tell of one.
 Tom he was wed, and well he might,
 For he was e'er a social wight.
 'Mongst many things which wives require,
 Is something used about the fire:
 Don't frown, sir—'tis not tongs, you hate,
 That may have rattled round your pate:
 But that with handle, bottom wide,
 In which the meat and sop are fried.
 Perhaps the name is rare to man—
 To woman not—A FRYING PAN.
 And straight Tom to the store must hie,
 For Kitty one of these to buy;
 But pain oft crosses pleasure's path,
 And many mishaps human hath:
 For Tom must pass a tavern door,
 E'er he can ever reach the store;—
 And as he went, he there did see
 A few good friends high up in glee,
 Who warmly pressed as he did pass,
 And Tom must take a single glass,
 And take it to *oblige a friend*,
 For Kitty's cash he must not spend.
 Tom lik'd *a drink* full well, be sure,
 And lik'd still better *one drink more*:
 He took the second, nothing loth,
 For *one eye wet*, he must wet *both*.
 Now, he should go, but ne'er 'twill do—
 When treated, he must treat some too:
 Poor Kitty's cash must for it pay,
 (With care laid by from day to day;)
 But well he knew that at the store
 He'd buy the pan a *little* lower,
 For Master Harry e'er was kind,
 And of the most obliging mind.
 "Two drinks!—at two we cannot cease,
 We'll now as many as we please."
 All now to drinking straightway went,
 Nor slackened Tom till *all* was spent—
 Nay, e'en the money that he brought,
 And was the frying pan to've bought.
 Wine, whiskey, rum, or such a thing,
 Will make a beggar soon a king:

But then comes the reflecting hour,
 When mind resumes her reasoning power—
 When bones are sore, and head doth ache,
 And limbs like conscience doth quake—
 When every word, and act, and thought,
 Distorted to the view is brought—
 That fatal hour that doth destroy
 And pay in wo the revel joy.
 So felt poor Tom, when upwards raised
 His heavy eyes, and round him gazed :
 His friends were strewn around about,
 Like him, the tavern door without ;
 The sun was hastening to decline,
 Just squinting o'er the western line.
 " The moneys spent—no pan I've got"—
 To Tom this was a cannon shot ;
 It was enough—Tom sobered fast,
 But could not alter what was past.
 " Go home without a pan, 'twon't do—
 Kitty will beat me black and blue ;
 One I must have, but how to get,
 Indeed it puzzles much my wit.
 The only chance is to the store,
 And *borrow*, as I've done before :
 I know they hang beside the door." }
 No sooner said, than *half-way* done—
 Tom did not walk, but flew, or run,
 Nor stopt till he the store did gain,
 And found three customers within—
 John Beatemdown, Frank, and Aunt Kizzy,
 Who kept spry Harry pretty busy.
 Tom at the door squatted down,
 And looked inquiringly around—
 And saw at last within his reach,
 The very object of his search—
 Three as nice Pans e'er seen by eye,
 Suspended was the doorway nigh.
 Tom picked his time when no one saw,
 And grasped the neatest in his paw,
 And bore it silently away
 Ere now the moon had shot a ray.
 Full proud, perhaps, was Grecian Sandy,
 When satiate with might and brandy,
 Upon that glorious—fatal day,
 When all the nations owned his sway,
 But could not think so blest his lot
 As Tom, when now the Pan he'd got.
 Still two long miles had he to tread,
 Ere he could reach his happy shed,
 To glad his Kitty's glistening eyes
 With the sweet Pan, his *lawful* prize.

The moon shot forth her purest light,
 For day had fled, and now 'twas night.
 Tom thought on tales he'd heard of old,
 Most horrible—by grandmam told:
 "Of ghosts and goblins from the waves—
 Of sulphurous lakes, and yawning graves;"
 Oft casting back his anxious view,
 For, thought he, some one might pursue.
 When lo! as thus he looked around,
 He saw a something on the ground!
 Dark—dark as midnight, near his feet,
 A body round and tail complete—
 The very shape learned he had been,
 In which Old Nick was often seen!
 Was this a time for Tom to stand?
 No!—Ere his heels he could command:
 And off he bolted at a pace,
 That might no frightened wight disgrace.
 But still, to Tom's affrighted view,
 The dreadful thing did him pursue:
 Close at his heels, with mighty bound,
 It seemed to fly along the ground.
 Poor Tom was in a mortal sweat,
 And every hair was stiffly set!
 Thus long and mightily he ran,
 But still held on unto the Pan:
 O'er fences high and gullies broad—
 For he had lost the common road;
 And, howso'er he'd turn or tack,
 The thing was still close at his back!
 Quite wearied grown, at last he thought
 To lose the Pan, the best resort;
 Not doubting he that from the first,
 For this, the Devil thus him curst—
 And that if he should him o'ertake,
 He would most terribly him rack.
 Quite loth—but down the Pan he threw,
 And down the Devil floundered too.
 But Tom thought not himself secure,
 And ran still faster than before:
 And ran home quite, as tells our rhyme,
 And saved his bacon for that time—
 And ne'er was known to take again
 The value of a single pin.
 Now, folks may laugh at poor Tom's case,
 And think his running a disgrace.
 Men shadows often try to catch—
 In this they are for Tom a match:
 Is it aught worse as Stealum ran
FROM SHADOW OF A FRYING PAN?

POETRY.

When cares disturb, and woes oppress,
 And mind and thought are but distress,
 Still, still my balm, my refuge be,
 Divine, inspiring Poetry!
 Low, common things she doth impeach,
 And lifts the soul beyond their reach:
 Her spirit counts man's pains as naught,
 Not worth a care, not worth a thought.
 Up to her sacred, heavenward seat,
 The soul beset may well retreat,—
 Smile at the ill which threats below,
 Now scorned—no longer now a foe,—
 Fly to the realms of peace divine,
 Where joy and endless beauty shine;
 Safe and securely lifted there,
 Begone, ye ills, that breed despair!
 Now, world, thy sorrows are forgot—
 Inert I feel—I fear them not:
 Rage through the hearts of others sore—
 To me unknown—ye harm no more.
 Unto thy sons, thy temple fair,
 Continual smiles to welcome there:
 For ever calling them to bless,
 When world and worldlings would distress.
 Be thou my friend when ills betide!
 This—and I spurn all things beside.

FRAGMENT.

Sweet hill of peace, where many an hour I've spent,
 Free from the pain of loathsome discontent—
 Where melancholy dares not breathe a sigh,
 To taint the zephyr as it flutters by,
 I must, alas! bid thee a long farewell—
 In scenes like these, perhaps, no more to dwell!
 Necessity, the tyrant of the will,
 Commands me go, though I would linger still.
 * * * To distant climes I stray,
 Far o'er the billow of the watery way.
 I must obey, for duty bids me go—
 Was ever man by pleasure wounded so?
 Yes!—Sublunary pleasures, once enjoyed,
 Are turned to pain ere yet their sweets have cloyed.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Mysterious light, that wanders thus along,
 Brightest and fairest of the astral throng,
 From whence, that beauty which is thine alone?
 Where else but from the beatific throne?
 Thy nature what?—Some teeming world like this—
 Or some blest realm of spiritual bliss?
 With hill and dale, and river, mountain, tree—
 Or home of saints, heirs of eternity—
 With air perfumed with all the sweets of Heaven,
 And blissful sights, which to the blest are given?
 Thy beauty perfect, but thyself unknown—
 Nor is it meet for man that knowledge own;
 Sufficient thus at night to cheer his heart,
 And know thy being not the fruit of art.
 Shine on, bright world of ethereal fire,
 Enough for man to see and to admire!

THE AUTUMN FOREST.

Gods! what a prospect—all the rainbow's forms
 And tints are represented here! Green, red,
 White, yellow, purple,—all conjoined
 To render beauteous beauty's own self!
 No pencil fired with celestial art,
 No fancy soaring in ecstatic heights,
 Can paint or tell the beauty of the scene.
 The yellow Poplar and the Dogwood red;
 The stately Oak—by turns, white, purple, blue,—
 All, all combine to form a prospect grand!
 The sable Pine, far tow'ring o'er them all,
 And lowly Cedar's darkest, deepest green—
 The withered Hickory and the naked Ash,—
 All, all set off the never-tiring scene!
 Enough!—Who sees and who does not enjoy?

INVOCATION TO THE MUSES.

Why slumber Muses? Why awake in vain,
 Lulled or affrighted by the quivering pane.
 Attend once more, as once thou wast as kind,
 Prepare the * * * to amuse the Hind;
 As when stern Winter with his dreary cold,
 And business first o'er all his pow'rs rolled.
 Once thou wast kind to guide his humble lines
 Into thy walks where endless pleasure shines.

Attend him now, and all his faults forgive,
 Be his companion that his thoughts may live.
 Nature is his—Shall Nature lose her fire
 Until the heart that moves her shall expire?
 Turn, heavenly beings, Goddesses divine,
 Retouch my heart and round its workings shine!

A MIND OF HIGH DEGREE.

The noble mind is ne'er at ease
 In common walks of human strife,
 'Tis always soaring from its sphere
 Into the realms of higher life.
 It cannot shine. Like air confined
 'Tis ever struggling to get free;
 Pants for a range great as itself
 For kindred, action, liberty.
 The world, though great, for it is small,
 No human ends can satisfy,
 Aims at a range unbounded, bright,
 Leaves the low earth for realms more high.
 For it time's meted space is short,
 Time fits but for eternity;
 Earthly things it reckons naught,
 To live a bliss, a crime to die.

MERIT.

Can merit ever toil in vain,
 Condemned to live in hope and pain,
 Deserving more than what she craves,
 And not enjoying what she has?
 She e'er by ambition is fired,
 The better known the more admired;
 Too precious to be bought and sold,
 None would exchange for others' gold.
 So many envy, so many admire,
 So few possess, so few desire!

THE INVENTION OF SIMPLE JOHN.

A wealthy Squire lived once,
 And many a son had he,
 And one of them a greater dunce
 You scarce did ever see.

In spite of all his master's care,
 In thumps and threats in spite,
 He ne'er would any counsel hear,
 Nor learn to read or write.

His P'a found out it done no good
 To send the lad to school,
 And that to learn he never would
 He was so great a fool.

One day to John his father said,
 (John, glad, did hear no doubt,)
 "The squirrels pester much my field
 John, you must keep them out.

"No other task will I impose,
 But take your dog and gun,
 And scare the squirrels, kill the crows,
 And make the rabbits run."

This lesson John soon got by heart,
 And wheresoe'er he'd go,
 He sung quite gaily, "Scare the squirrels,
 Scare rabbit, cripple crow."

And long was John pleased with his task
 Of hunting all the day,
 But weary he did get at last
 Of scaring birds away.

John studied hard a way to find
 To keep them from the corn,
 So that they might not eat the grain
 Whenever he was gone.

At last the happy hour did come
 When this he did find out,
 And if you will attention pay
 You'll comprehend, no doubt.

John saw the squirrels only ate
The very outside rows,
 The best way then to keep them off
Is to have none of those!

And now you John's invention know
 I'll bid you an adieu,
 But do not tell to Bun or Crow
 Who told the secret you.

BRUNSWICK.

Let others rove for wealth or joy
 Far o'er the earth, or o'er the sea,
 Let me, contented, life enjoy,
 For Brunswick is the place for me.

Although my native home 'tis not
 Though I may stray o'er land or main,
 Ye Powers grant me the happy lot
 To see the lovely place again.

Land of the fair, the wise, the brave,
 Let others hate thee if they will,
 May I no happier climate crave,
 But still enjoy and love thee still.

Thy daughters virtuous as fair,
 Thy sons are brave, and wise, and true,
 Still lovely virtue be their care
 And good—not evil—e'er pursue.

Thanks to the bounteous soil which yields
 A full reward to industry;
 O Brunswick! thy delightful fields
 Give plenty without luxury.

Contented be with what fate sends,
 Strive not for peace with gold in vain,
 For wealth and misery are friends,
 And every pleasure hath its pain.

Adieu, dear County, peace with thee,
 Forgive thy humble poet's praise;
 As thou art now, for ever be,
 Home of the wise, the brave, the free.

A MOON-LIGHT NIGHT, WITH SNOW.

The cheerful blaze glows on the hearth,
 And silent is the cricket's mirth:
 The busy wife renews her care,
 For much from rest she has to spare,
 And comfort seems within to reign—
 Look out, around upon the plain.
 Although 'tis winter, and 'tis night,
 The prospect there is fair and bright,
 The earth is clothed in purest white.
 The Moon resplendent overhead
 Doth mid-day light enchanting shed,
 Ten thousand sparkles in the snow
 Doth now as diamond, rubies show,
 As mimicking those fires above,
 Which now in beauteous grandeur move.
 Fair night! fair prospect!—joys extend
 Unto the earth's remotest end,
 And fill with raptures of delight
 Those who enjoy this lovely night.

And now we will again retire
 Back to the cheerful blazing fire,
 Which pleasant musings shall increase—
 Peace with ourselves—with all at peace.

PATRICK HENRY.

Seraph of song! awake, awake,
 And tune thy chords for Henry's sake,
 A nobler theme would make thee vain,
 Or craving, thou couldst never gain.
 To thee belong his praises small,
 A nation's voice shall utter all;
 Though weak thy tongue and full of fault
 Thou wilt not lower, and can't exalt.
 GREAT ORATOR OF NATURE born,
Created, say, her to adorn.
 His was the king of minds—His tongue
 Was monarch where its dictates rung;
 E'en noble souls beneath its sway,
 Enraptured, vanquished, shrunk away.
 Before the flashes of his mind,
 All hearts, all powers seemed reclined;
 His thunders waked, a sleeping sphere
 And night, as mid-day, did appear.
 One sentence fired ten thousand souls,
 And seemed to sound beyond the poles:
 Millions influenced by a breath,
 Re-echoed "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"
 False pen! For ever flee the light,
 Nor test thy strength before the sight.
 False, filthy serpent, why so bold,
 Thou canst not tell what can't be told;
 Alone the richest fancy paints
 Those beings great, allied to saints.

REFLECTIONS ON HOME.

Is this my home? Ah, my own place,
 Where none can say depart thou hence.
 The monarch of a peaceful home,
 Happier than king of Greece or Rome!
 In this dear spot let me recline,
 And ne'er for others' wealth repine.
 My days be spent in useful toil
 To serve my country—not to spoil.
 Though I should travel o'er earth's bound
 To seek for peace where never found.

May I, when all my wand'ring 's o'er,
 Return and find a home once more;
 When, swift, my days shall peaceful glide,
 Still happy, and still satisfied.
 And when my State my aid require,
 Let me assist, or else expire.
 O let me live for mankind's use,
 And not as some, for their abuse.
 Aid me in virtue's cause, Most High,
 For good to live and good to die.

FRIENDSHIP.

This life is chequered o'er with ill,
 With good and bad indeed:
 Beneath the root of every joy
 Wo plants its poisonous seed.
 See Friendship, balm of human life,
 With pleasure fill the heart:
 Its peerless nature breeds a pang—
 Alas! for friends must part!
 Why should men covet any bliss,
 When sorrows lurk within?
 That moment he the pleasure tastes
 It is transformed to pain!
 O, Friendship, once ideal joy,
 Alas, thou hast betrayed!
 Thy happy moments have been few,
 Thus by their loss outweighed!
 Farewell, fond hope of bliss on earth!
 No more thou shalt deceive—
 When for a moment's feigned delight
 I must for ever grieve!

THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

I once had home and parents too,
 A name, but now I've none:
 Stern fortune's bitter cruelty
 This tender frame hath borne.
 Man, cursed by fate, may struggle still,
 His nature firm and strong—
 But Woman, weak, oppress'd by wo,
 Cannot continue long.
 'Twas on a sunny day, long since,
 Far in the dreary West,

My mother sat beside the door,
I slept upon her breast.

My little brother had gone forth
With father to the plough—
O fatal day! O luckless hour!
Thy sorrows pain me now!

I saw my mother shriek and die,
My sister shared her fate,
And I alone was spared to feel
A misery doubly great.

This dreadful work was quickly o'er,
They led me straight away
Where there my father they had killed,
And my poor brother lay.

Though but a child, I shrieked with pain
This horrid sight to see:
The Indians laughed to see me cry,
And bid me quiet be.

Long did we travel o'er the plain,
And through the briery wood;
My feet were bare, my clothes were torn,
My way was marked with blood!

This anguish caused me sore to weep,
And beg for help in vain;
My savage master raised his club,
And bid me not complain.

So long we had pursued our course,
The Indians e'en were tired;
And had I not been let to rest,
I sure must have expired.

Some tried to sleep, as well as I,
And some were gathering food,
When lo! a signal gun was heard—
The White men had pursued!

The guilty wretches rose at once,
So dreadful was their fright,
And threw away their arms and all
That could impede their flight.

My master, that I should not mark
The way which they might take,
Gave me a fatal blow, he thought—
'Twas long ere I did wake.

I looked around, and all was dark,
More dreadful death is not;
Far better if I had not lived,
So wretched was my lot.

What could I do, a little child,
 Thus horribly alone?
 Think light of sorrow, happy few,
 Who sorrow ne'er have known.

I oft had heard my mother tell
 Of One who, far on high,
 Did take delight to bless all those
 Who for His help do cry.

I prayed Him to befriend me then,
 And free me from my thrall;
 And to protect and aid me through
 Whatever might befall.

The savage beasts that rove the wood,
 Were howling all around;
 Dread horror was in every sight,
 And horror in each sound.

And thus I lay full many an hour,
 With hunger sore oppress'd,
 Without a friend, except 'twas God—
 No foe did me molest.

At last the light spread o'er the sky,
 And darkness flew away;
 I hoped to find my home again,
 And thought I knew the way.

I found a cooling spring, and drank—
 The fruit on every side
 I'd seen the Indians eat, so I
 Was well enough supplied.

All day I wandered thus along,
 And saw none else beside—
 I hoped to find my native place,
 And die where mother died.

Again I passed the lonesome night
 Beneath a spreading tree;
 Again the wild beasts howled around,
 But none did trouble me.

Next morn I rose up with the sun,
 And still did not despair—
 And still bent homewards, as I thought,
 But had not travelled far,

Before an opening in the wood
 Delighted much my mind—
 I knew 'twas not my own dear home,
 But hoped a home to find.

A hideous savage straight appeared
 To my affrighted eyes—

Rushed forward with a fiendish yell,
 And claimed me as his prize.
 Full many a long and tedious day
 I spent in servitude—
 Shared with the Indian girls their toils,
 And shared their scanty food.
 At last a murdering band set out
 For the afar-off East;
 My master went along with them,
 And I among the rest.
 I saw the bloody deed complete—
 No age nor sex was spared:
 The flames consumed the White man's home,
 And each the plunder shared.
 This done, for home we took our way,
 And I marked well the track—
 By dropping bushes all along,
 I could again come back.
 And this I did when not perceived,
 Right well the way I knew—
 And no one found out my escape,
 Till too late to pursue.
 Yet what avails me in this life,
 My parents' name forgot?
 I have no kindred that I know—
 O! tis a hapless lot!
 Here I must wander all alone,
 In this domain of grief:
 None call me sister!—Naught but death
 Can give to me relief!

A FAREWELL TO MEHERRIN.

Meherrin! river of the hills,
 I've spent my happiest days by thee;
 I've wandered up thy many rills—
 Romantic, wild as any be.
 The time hath come when I depart,
 Perhaps in distant lands to dwell;
 I go! O how it pains my heart
 To bid Meherrin—thee farewell!
 Oft have I in thy limpid stream
 My youthful limbs enraptured thrown,
 Without a thought, without a dream,
 That we, alas! should part so soon!

'Tis well that man knows not his fate,
 For future pain would peace destroy;
 And wo foretold, is doubly great,
 And joy, foreknown, is no more joy.
 Oft on thy banks I've strayed along,
 To pick up pebbles on thy shore,
 And listen to the vernal song—
 But, ah! those happy days are o'er!
 Thy peaceful groves, no longer green,
 Yet still possess a charm for me—
 'Tis recollection clothes the scene
 In beauty, pleasure, harmony.
 On objects *once*, now not less dear,
 As thus I cast my eyes around,
 A boding thought, a gentle fear,
 Tells I shall no more tread this ground.
 If so, I still will be content—
 For, whatsoe'er mankind may choose,
 Whate'er kind goodness may have lent,
 We're bound—and why should not we loose?
 Again, my native groves, farewell!
 This eye may ne'er behold thee more;
 Meherrin, lovely stream, farewell—
 I'm called unto a distant shore!

SCRAPS FROM EXPERIENCE.

The forward man is called a fool—
 The over-diffident just so:
 The first is found in folly's school,
 Unto the last she is a foe.
 The medium 'tis best to choose,
 Rather than run into extremes:
 Trust nothing far, for you may lose—
 Scarce any thing is what it seems.
 Would you be wise?—be foolish too;
 Would you be happy?—first endure
 Such ills as will not far undo—
 Your happiness will then be pure.
 Have you talents?—nurse them long;
 They'll strike the wonder-stricken eyes,
 And dazzle if not please the throng—
 They can't long gaze to criticise.

OCTOBER 17, 1777.

A precious tear for those who fell
 On this eventful day;
 Yet gloriously they paid the debt
 Which e'en the brave must pay.
 They fought and bled, and for us died—
 For us unborn, unknown—
 For their dear injured country,
 And left her not forlorn.
 Your fame and honour ne'er shall die,
 For liberty who fought;
 By nature ye taught to live free,
 Us by example taught.
 The fate of millions was at stake,
 Their lives—ah, liberty:
 Each patriot sword, nerved by a hand,
 None but their Chief could see.
 He knew, afar, that Guardian Power,
 Which e'er watched round his head,
 Was busy in the bloody strife,
 And round His power shed.
 Peace to the ashes of the dead,
 Embalmed in honours, ye,—
 You, too, enjoy, who now survive,
 An equal share of glory.
 This to our friends.—To foes who bled,
 Though deadly foes indeed,
 Dear bought the palm of victory—
 More 'splendant glory's meed.
 Columbians! recollect this day,
 Know what your fathers did;
 You owe the same unto your sons,
 Which they have so well paid.
 When peace would bless you, let her smile,
 Ah, let her, let her reign—
 'Tis she that honours every land
 When war and strife are vain.

 PLEASURE—HAPPINESS.

Ye that count on *years* of pleasure,
 Take it while ye can possess;
 For me, ah me, no earthly treasure
 Can augment my happiness.

Time and place have no charms for me,
 All, alas, disgusts me quite—
 None the same twice ever saw me—
 Change alone can give delight.

What are riches, fame, and honour,
 Which may happen to befall?
 Scarce have we time to thank the donor,
 Ere their sweets begin to pall.

Kingdoms, heroes, men, are nothing,
 Happiness and pain the same—
 Ever changing, ever passing,
 No trace that they ever came.

The ties of kindred but a jest is
 Friendship often hath undone—
 Filling with anxieties,
 Doubling sorrow due to one.

Come, divine Philosophy,
 Cold-hearted as the arctic North;
 Virtue! thou and Liberty
 Can give the honest peace enough.

DEATH.

Pause, mortal, in thy mad career,
 And think, if thou hast not before,
 Upon that awful moment, near,
 When death shall beckon at your door.

Spend but a thought upon that scene,—
 Conceive the anguish of the mind
 When you shall quit this loved terrene,
 And leave all earthly things behind.

Just entering on another stage,
 To you a dark and boundless waste—
 When Time must quit his measured age,
 And minutes then for ever last.

Think not that period far from thee
 When you shall struggle in Death's power;
 For, ah! each moment *that* may be,
 And each doth haste *that* dreadful hour.

Pregnant with death each minute flies,
 And leaves us—leaves us *nearer* death!
 No sooner born, but straight it dies—
 All life's boast a second's breath!

Though far that hour, as we esteem,
 The intervening space will pass,

And be, as other years, a dream,
 All fled away, and not a trace!
 That hour is ever, then, at hand,
 Though it should come another day,
 Or be deferred for many a year,
 Still—still as short would life appear.
 When sages shudder at Death's call,
 Philosophers, nay, Christians, too,
 And Christ could taste the bitter gall,
 How can feeble mortals dare!

THE CHASE.

Hark!—O'er the hills the hunter's horn
 Sounds forth its notes to greet the morn;
 All nature roused to pleasure's feast,
 Behold the splendours of the East!
 In glory bright the horizon,
 Still joyous rings the sounding horn;
 Hark!—Other notes the ears assail,
 The blood-hounds catch the scented gale,
 And echo brisk from every hill,
 Hist! the inspiring sound—be still!
 (What music is that floats the air,
 With nature's tones can ere compare?)
 And now the wily fox is up,
 (No more on the fat goose to sup.)
 See, o'er the brow of yonder height,
 The eager huntsmen meet the sight—
 All scattered in the lengthened chase,
 Still striving to increase their pace.
 Their fiery steeds like whirlwinds fly,
 And earth seems trembling as the sky;
 Each for the sport alike as keen—
 But now the pack can, too, be seen;
 Each striving each to leave behind,
 And each seems swifter than the wind.
 The Fox beholds his coming fate,
 And turns, and turns, but now too late;
 Bold Rattler rushes on the prey,
 And wins the triumph of the day.
 As if imbued with reason's pride,
 He stretches at his master's side:
 His looks show plain his happiness,
 When he receives the fond caress.
 The swifter steed, too, looks amain,
 The second victor of the plain:

His conscious worth shines in his eye,
 And seems his comrades to defy;
 The heart reclines in either breast,
 And smiling nature bids it rest.
 Who that does not belie his race,
 But owns the beauties of the chase?

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Oh, Disappointment! man's relentless scourge,
 Keen as the dagger of a treacherous friend—
 Through heavenly hope she chooses us to urge,
 Hence poison'd sweets, with all her bitter blend.

WORDS OF WASHINGTON.

Columbia, hear! your Washington doth speak—
 List all, ye freemen! wisdom's counsel seek;
 Hush every echo in this mighty bound—
 Ye breezes waft the mandate far around!
 Methinks yon brook, aw'd at the sage's voice,
 Withholds its rage, while silence doth rejoice;
 Yon cloud, as wing'd with light'ning doth appear,
 Arrests its flight, and almost seems to hear.
 Forbear, weak pen! 'tis impious to stray—
 Great George unto his children thus doth say:
 "Dear as our freedom, is our union dear;
 'Tis justly so. Remove the proper care
 Of that great pillar, mystically wrought,
 Your nation falls, your freedom comes to naught;
 Yes, even so;—that much priz'd liberty,
 That sweetest treasure, shall no longer be!
 Though foes, detestable e'en for their worth,
 (Ye have them far around, all o'er the earth,)
 Shall dare to tell you otherwise than this,
 And slyly tempt you, as was Eve from bliss.
 Believe the wretches not, it stands confest
 Your greatest stay—your liberty itself;
 Cherish for it the most sincere esteem,
 And never wander in destruction's dream;
 With guardian care watch o'er the sacred ties,
 Which makes you one, of unallied Allies.
 Every inducement to this end is brought:
 Can interest teach you?—then indeed you're taught.
 Or can you glory in your country's name?
 Great nation, yes! Ask envy, or ask fame;

Virtue must bind, if virtue you have got,
 Say then it binds you, or you have it not.
 But still your interest must supremely bind :
 Obey its dictates—truth will ever find.
 Whate'er can tempt you to despise your laws ?
 If they oppress, you can remove the cause ;
 If poison in a serpent chance to dwell,
 The same hath power this poison to expel ;
 You blame the law—you execrate its sway—
 You *made* the law, then alter or obey.
 Let knowledge teach what really you are—
 To teach your children you will well prepare ;
 Your laws flow from the virtue of the mind,
 The most enlighten'd, then, must be the most refin'd.
 Avoid expense, but recollect the phrase,
 That ' present caution future danger sways ;'
 Be peace your aim, with all on earth below :
 Would you enjoy ?—be careful to bestow.
 Did Providence, indeed, then not connect
 Whate'er we are with what we might expect ?
 Can vice expect as much as virtue ?—say,
 All that ennobles is responsive, ' Nay.'
 Be independent, since you so are made,
 Sway'd not by fondness for another sway'd ;
 For he who loves or hates must be a slave,
 Thus to an honest man—thus to a knave.
 Be watchful ever in the sacred cause,
 Or else you sleep, perhaps, in ruin's jaws ;
 As some great household charge, mind well your state,
 Divide your care, or it may be too late.
 Act well your part, and be devoid of fear,
 When—dear as your freedom, is your union dear."

AMERICAN SAILOR.

" There is the sailor, young and bold,"
 Regardless of the wind and cold,
 " Still studious of the wind and tide,
 From pole to pole our commerce guide ;"
 Fearless of an enemy's power,
 Fearless of a red hot shower,
 " But studious of the wind and tide,
 From pole to pole our commerce guide."
 When freedom calls them out to fight,
 In thunder bursts the sailor's might—
 When cannons awe the coward ear,
 The freeborn seaman scorns to fear :
 But light the match, and fire away,
 For freedom and America.

Bold tars, bold tars, what death can fright,
 When Liberty and Fame's in sight?
 When Liberty and Fame's at stake,
 We'll fight for each, for each one's sake.
 A brother dies a glorious death—
 In battle he resigns his breath;
 His boon is heaven, his soul is blest,
 An honest-hearted sailor's rest.
 We'll fight for beauty in distress,
 For Fame, for Freedom, happiness;
 And all the blessings which await
 The brave, the bold, the sailor's fate.
 Brave tars, who fear not death or maim,
 Dare fan the spark of Freedom's flame,
 Hurl every tyrant to the ground,
 And all their cursed plans confound;
 No sailor's self, or sailor's friend,
 But we will die or else defend;
 For the distressed we will fight,
 Whoe'er they be, if they are right—
 But still our greatest care shall be,
 The honor of Columbia!

IMMORTALITY.

Hail, Immortality! divine resort
 Of souls immortal—of infinite thought;
 What do those boundless wishes else portend,
 Than that their glorious wonders ne'er can end?
 O, mystic substance! mysticly combined,
 And forming thus an all-existing mind.
 Of sight infinitude can well explore,
 Feelings eternity can scarce mature:
 Conceptions endless, thoughts beyond the stars,
 Defies restraint, and every effort dares;
 No force can curb, no time or space confine,
 Its rise, its progress, and its end divine.
 Hail, Immortality! blest of the sky!
 Naught else can souls eternal satisfy!

THE VICTIM OF LOVE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Cold is the heart of him I love,
 Flames which my soul invest
 Doth torment every thought of mine,
 But ne'er doth him molest.

O! son of stern philosophy!
 Is woman's charms so mean?
 'Midst all the beauties thou dost scan,
 Is nature's first unsean?
 Canst thou traverse the miry walks
 Of learning, science, art,
 And in a poet's numbers dress,
 And ne'er read woman's heart?
 Is all her life a blank indeed,
 A thing not worth a care?
 If Eve transgress'd, I never will,
 But will be ever dear.
 Oh! couldst thou know my heart, and feel
 Love's soothing ecstasy!
 Those pleasures which thy time employ,
 Thou mightst forsake for me.
 But ah! how hapless is my lot!
 The only one I love
 Is all that cannot feel my power,
 And this my death doth prove.
 Adieu! adieu! once lovely world—
 Adieu, cold-hearted swain:
 This dagger proves my greatest friend,
 And thus curtails my pain!

HAIL TO THE NINE.

Hail to the Nine!
 Who o'er Parnassus reign,
 Give ear unto
 A lover's humble strain.
 Attend awhile,
 If I, thine offspring, say,
 If not convince,
 Thou holy throng, I pray.
 If this be false,
 Whose flames enwrap my heart,
 Do thou convince,
 And what I am impart.
 This mystic fire,
 Which from my birth has burn'd,
 Can it be false?
 If so, 'twas nature fann'd.
 And am I thus
 By nature cursed indeed?
 O! cruel matron!
 Why couldst thou so mislead!

Those chords within
 My ever tuneful breast,
 Are then unstrung—
 Or falsely strung at best !
 And have I sinn'd
 Against the sacred pow'r,
 Unblam'd, unchid,
 Until this awful hour !
 And then unchang'd,
 Though penitent, perhaps
 Contrition such,
 But leads to a relapse.
 My fate is fix'd ;
 I must for ever be
 Immersed in crime,
 The crime of Poetry.

REFLECTIONS AT THE CLOSE OF A YEAR.

The sun, as usual, is set,
 And in due time comes on
 The lightsome day and sable night,
 But man—*poor man was born !*
 Those changes to him may not be,
 This year indeed's his own ;
 'Tis past—but dark futurity
 Is his but when 'tis known.
 This day with all must end the year ;
 Ah, life, alas ! with some :
 To-morrow's sun will not appear,
 To thousands will not come.
 This day an emblem of man's life,
 Man's death and being too ;
 This year is his—this mould'ring earth—
 The next is out of view !
 Man must reflect upon the past
 With pleasure or with pain,
 Still hoping to amend at last,
 And once be pure again.
 O! Man, frail creature of the dust
 Why sport with good and ill ;
 This day is thine—but soon you must
 Bow unto Death's stern will.
 Then once reflect that you *must die*,
 As every thing doth show,
 And fit yourselves for the blest sky
 By doing good below.

VIRGINIA MEDITATION.

Hark! hark! Old Hickory blows his horn!
 Arouse, ye war-dogs, to the chase!
 Rush, rush to arms, all danger scorn!
 For treason shows her impious face.
 Afar, on South Carolina's plain
 See daring Rebel bands parade;
 And see, far off beyond the Main,
 Ten thousand eager foes to aid.
 We cannot brook the bloody stain
 Upon the laurels of our land;
 One word, and every traitor's slain,
 We only wait our Chief's command.
 But see! the brightened heaven's smile!
 And see a holy maiden come,
 An emblem of some blissful Isle,
 Or country happy as our own.
 'Tis fair Virginia's spirit bright,
 In robes of patriotic peace—
 Remove those weapons from her sight,
 A tear rolls down her lovely face.
 She sighs to see the tented field
 Alive with thousands for the fight,
 Not to compel a foe to yield,
 But to contest a Sister's right.
 The world is awed! See far around—
 The brows of every tyrant fall—
 She speaks of peace! O heavenly sound!
 The Goddess comes unto her call.
 Discord, abashed, in crimson plumes,
 The mark of many a nation's grave
 Ascends—a lowlier mien assumes,
 And flies, enraged, beyond the wave.
 Each Sister clasps her Sister dear,
 Each brother his, each in his turn,
 Perpetual Liberty draws near;
 Huzza, our Union! Washington!

 THE YANKEE TRAVELLER.

A Jonathan once journeyed forth
 To see his brothers of the South—
 No doubt, on some gain-make intent,
 But soon his money was all spent.

This would have been to some Old Nick,
 But Yankees never lack a trick,
 To get along as well as any,
 Though thronged with difficulties many.
 John's horse had sense, as well as he,
 A cunning nag as any be.
 John did kick and Tobe did trot,
 Till both had very hungry got.
 And night drew on, and both were tired,
 And food and rest they both required.
 A friendly sign hung o'er the way,
 Where all might call if they could pay.
 John gladly lighted at the door,
 The servants came—one, two, three, four;
 The Landlord smiled, John quick in went,
 And Toby to the barn was sent.
 One ate, contented in the stall,
 And 'tother in the tavern hall;
 Forgot his appetite was good,
 John praised the neatness of the food.
 And many a witty thing was said
 Before he quit and went to bed:
 At last Tobe and his master lay
 In sleep, and snored the hours away,
 And quickly came the rosy day.
 Each quit his comfortable bed,
 And each again was largely fed.
 Tobe at the door, the bill was brought,
 And Landlord had the cash—in thought.
 The bridle in the hands of Dick—
 The horse begun to prance and kick.
 John hollowed wo! but all in vain:
 Dick could not hold the bridle rein.
 Off galloped Tobe—John took the track
 With all the waiters at his back;
 And long they ran—but bear in mind—
 John left the balance far behind.
 Now most of people in John's case
 Would sore have rued so hard a race;
 But well he knew the horse would slack
 When he had left the rest at back,
 And so he did when out of view,
 And John into the saddle flew.
 This trick was well it might be said,
 And many a such has Johnny played.
 The Landlord e'en his case did pity,
 But, not unlucky, John was witty;
 So witty that he never will
 Go back to pay the tavern bill.

VIEW OF THE ANIMAL HEART.

O human nature! think not I despise
 When I can see another's worth than thine;
 Yon canine gratitude in Justice's eyes
 Unreasoned, is more pure than yours or mine.
 His zeal to him which his Creator seems
 Is far more genuine than human art;
 Thy life is worse, like his, though spent in dreams:
 Oh man! Thou knowest he has a better heart.
 Have art and sin contaminated? Yes.
 Has ill unknown to those who know not, cursed,
 Man think! With all thy boasted truth confess
 Whether thine heart, or is yon DOG's the worst.
 His name deserves immortalizing more
 Than most of men that I am doomed to see!
 Excuse me ye, whose days are not past o'er—
 Excuse me, liberal posterity.
 I've seen man's heart as well as man can see,
 Thou old or young—thou canst not well deceive,
 No better heart than yonder dog's can be,
 Though God ordains, he will not such receive.
 Man! art thou wise, and know of gratitude?
 Art thou susceptible of honest love?
 You must behold with pleasure in the brute
 Such things, to thee, as pave thy way above.

 PEACE.

Ah! thou panacea of all wo,
 With thee I mean to live;
 Fair Virtue's friend, Ambition's foe,
 My wearied form receive.
 Too long I've known the ills which tread
 In noisy fashion's path;
 Let me a moment rest my head,
 And let the giddy laugh.
 I'm sickened at yon busy scene
 Where Peace is sought—and spurned:
 My heart is mad with strife and men,
 My brain with discord turned.
 But, thou, protector of the wise
 From life's ten thousand ills,
 Whose incense reaches to the skies,
 Whose smile yon heaven fills.
 Receive me to thy happy realm,
 For ever guard my heart;

When misery would fain o'erwhelm,
 O, thou thine aid impart!
 Possessed of thee no other bliss
 Else will I ever crave;
 But e'er content with only this
 Go smiling to the grave.
 Mankind! take from me all beside,
 You can't my joy decrease;—
 Detest, contemn, scorn, and deride,
 But give me—give me Peace.

OCTOBER.

Sweet month of the Poet why so swiftly pass!
 'Tis sure in Virginia thou quickest doth flee;
 Thy pleasure-spiced moments far outgo the glass,
 O linger awhile, if 'tis only for me!
 For soon comes December (still better than Spring)
 And clothes all the prospect in darkness and death;
 The wind seems to shudder at what it doth bring—
 Despair to the heart, and fell ruin to the earth.
 Yes, Spring clothed in blossoms that cheer but the sight,
 They please us a moment and die in a day;
 But O, sweet October, thou givest delight
 From sky, breeze, and prospect, surpassing the May.

THE LOST AT SEA.

O Chesapeake! thou noble bay!
 Could my first song of thee
 Have been more grand—of sorrow void—
 And from disaster free.
 I lately viewed thy spacious form,
 And gazed thy beauties o'er;
 Enraptured rowed upon thy breast,
 And wandered on thy shore.
 Proud of a region which could boast
 Of nature's charms so great—
 As placid as the face of Spring,
 And treacherous as fate.
 For ere three suns had lit the sky
 Before the day I name,
 Thou wast convulsed with vengeful wrath,
 And proved the Seaman's grave.
 As late I wandered o'er the beach
 I saw a corpse float by,

Disgorged by the ravenous wave
As though 'twas with a sigh!

A youth's bold ardor had inspired,
The busy heart now stilled
Might once have tuned the soul of one
With every virtue filled :

This graceful form once—now so changed—
By kindred oft caressed,
And by a father fondly loved,
And by a mother blest.

Now cold in death! Far, far from those
Who love and those who know!
Thy end unknown must e'er remain
To add another wo!

Fond Mother! where thy treasure now
That thou didst dote upon?

Kind Father! where thy darling now,
Thy hope, thy joy, thy son?

Sisters! ye, too, have borne a loss!

Where is your brother gone?
Far, far, across the Ocean tide,
O never to return!

Cold, cold in death—denied a grave
The last want of mankind;
His manes lie bleaching on the shore,
Or scattered in the wind!

But no!—*This* doom I will forbid;
A stone shall mark the sod
Where the young stranger lies at rest
Beneath the mossy clod.

A line shall tell to those who pass,
The end of him here laid;
And this my epitaph shall be,
Though simple, and though sad:—

“Beneath this turf a stranger rests,
Far from his friends and kin;
His virtues are in Heaven known—
Heaven-like—he could not sin.”

VIRGINIA HUNTER.

Who would a happier home desire
Than Old Virginia's fireside?
She yields what food our wants require,
And what more should we want beside?

Here peace and plenty smile around,
 Our fair ones none can e'er surpass,
 All nature's blessings much abound,
 And we may live in happiness.

No king can riot o'er us here,
 No haughty tyrant us oppress;
 We act and speak without a fear,
 Because we liberty possess.

Rest, rest in peace, our Fathers dear,
 Who all these blessings to us brought;
 We'll see that these our children share,
 Or we will fight as they have fought.

Success to every true-born heir
 Of Old Virginia's name and joys,
 At home or in the world afar—
 In peace or war they are the boys.

IMPERTINENCE.

Foe unto nature and all common sense,
 To man and God is this impertinence.
 O keep me—keep me from these madmen fell,
 Who know to shun the Bedlamitish cell,
 And know no more—but to torment mankind,
 By folly blinded and to reason blind.
 Their tongues unbridled as their ignorance,
 So high their heads! Devoid of contents,
 With gay demeanor—fashionable dress.
 With new made oaths and other common stuff
 Which fops themselves might think polite enough.
 They come! 'Tis then you have to suffer all
 The ills which sensibility befall:
 Contrition, pain, despair, and melancholy—
 Better be foolish than to suffer folly.
 Then come those questions which concern nobody,
 The reasonings which flow from wine or toddy.
 Those *ifs* and *ands* which never terminate,
 Those naughts and nothings of which blockheads prate.
 Those different cognomens of wrong and right—
 Folly of fools and wiser men's delight.
 And this is it the world calls common sense?
 O God! 'tis not. It is impertinence.
 Defend me, heaven, from such a foe to peace!
 Wrap me in armor—e'en of ignorance!
 What shall I do? Which way turn to avoid
 These worst of fiends? O, shall I be destroyed!
 Had cane or pistol ever made a cure,
 These I would try. In vain! I must endure!

Like gray hairs of a venerable head,
 Destroy but one and ten comes in its stead.
 Could any thing within my power prevail,
 That would I do—but all attempts would fail.
 O dreadful fellows—those impertinent !
 'Twill do no good—still you must fret and fret.
 They'll take a beating sooner than a hint,
 And O ! their hearts are harder than a flint.
 They'll whistle, hum, or sing some *pretty* air,
 Gaze in your face, and rock you in your chair.
 Take leave at last.—Ah that is somewhat sane,
 But ne'er forget to tell they'll *come again* !
 Horror of horrors ! keep me from this gang,
 Or I go mad, or shoot myself, or hang.
 Have I a friend? O, save him from them, fate !
 A foe?—then take him, and remove my hate.

FRESCO AND UTINA—A TALE.

The eve was fair and all around
 Was pleasing as to sight and sound.

The sun in beauty shone.

Good Hod, the Farmer, had walked out
 Along the winding river's route ;
 Nor was he all alone.

His wife, his friend, his joy, his pride,
 Was with him walking at his side ;
 And Ponto ran before.

In busy chat they thus went on
 Until an infant's wail forlorn
 Was echoed on the shore.

“ Hist Mary ! What is that I hear !

Some infant in distress I fear !

O, where can it be found !”

About they cast their eager eyes
 But naught was seen—to their surprise—
 They still could hear the sound.

When lo ! around a jetting wood
 A cradle on the angry flood,
 Their situation nears ;

And in the same with up-stretched arms—
 And, trembling, crying its alarms !
 A helpless babe appears !

“ O, Mary, what shall now be done !

My dear, you for assistance run
 Or else the child is lost.

For see, the waves half o'er it cast,
 And the frail barsfilling fast ;
 And Oh! how it is tost !”

“ Yes, yes! 'tis lost!—what shall we do?
 Ah!—Ponto—ever to me true:
 My grief is half-way eased!
 See him the angry waters brave!
 Ah! he will die or he will save—
 The cradle he has seized!

“ See wife! he struggles for the shore—
 Sweet Ponto! summon all thy power,
 Thou e'er shalt share my joy!
 Thrice happy am I, my dear wife,
 The happiest period of my life
 Is now, we've saved the boy!

“ Now little trembler! one sweet kiss!
 It smiles! O 'twas the pearl of bliss!
 That well rewards my cares.
 Thrice welcome to my humble home,
 And all I have till others come
 And prove thee to be theirs.”

Hod spoke the dictates of a heart
 Which joy felt but to impart—
 His wife the same as he.
 They lived contented and unknown,
 Were rich in peace—to virtue prone—
 No children yet had they.

With angel care they nursed the child
 O'erjoyed. Yet, when they on it smiled,
 A secret fear would grieve.
 That its lost friends, if friends it had,
 Though much they wished, might claim the lad,
 And thus themselves bereave.

Sometimes, by superstition fired,
 The neighboring gossips, self-inspired,
 With super-human eyes.
 They saw in all its history,
 A dark, unmeaning mystery
 Pertaining to the skies.

Nor seemed their tale belied by truth,
 When he in all the pride of youth;
 Young Fresco grew to man:
 Beloved by old and young around,
 Nor was a maiden to be found
 But sighed his love to gain.

But still his heart was free as air,
 Until Utina, she the fair,
 Was seen, and therefore loved.

Both formed in virtue's purest mould ;
Such hearts to love, what can withhold
Their mutual flame approved ?

Amidst their bliss of passion pure,
War's startling thunders round them roar
Ere they in wedlock are—
E'en love itself can't him restrain,
And duty calls him to the plain,
The bloody strife to share.

Reluctant yet his love to leave,
He stays awhile her loss to grieve,
Then rushes to the field,
Where death in every form appears,
To chill the heart or wake the fears—
Fresco knew not to yield.

In many a bloody battle he,
Unhurt, displayed his bravery,
Until that dreadful day—
Long Island's memorable shore
With warring hosts was covered o'er,
And thousands gasping lay.

Brave, yet imprudently, he fought—
The thickest throng of foes he sought,
And laid full many low :
As if protected by a power—
A hand unseen, for many an hour
He galled the stubborn foe.

At last, the charm that seemed to shield
From him the dangers of the field,
For one short moment sped :
One flash of light—" Utina !"—then,
One shriek of anguish, less of pain,
He fell among the dead !

But still a guardian strength watched o'er
And saved him, as it had before—
He breathed, and that was all :
Silas, his ancient rival, saw
(His foe in love, and type in war)
With pleasure Fresco fall.

Soon as the trump of flight was blown,
And freedom's heroes all o'erthrown,
With speed young Silas flew
Unto Utina, far away,
And told the history of the day—
Of Fresco all he knew.

He his once hopeless suit renewed—
Not in unpleasing terms, nor rude,
But with a magic tongue :

No wonder, then, with mis'ry cross'd,
 And grief of him, so lately lost,
 Her slow consent was wrung.

Meantime, brave Fresco, pris'ner made,
 His liberty and peace delayed,

Was brooding o'er his fate—
 No thought of ills but those endured,
 Nor others harder to be cured,
 Bad seemed enough his state.

His heavy chains, his loathsome food,
 Painful his task of solitude,
 Well might he be oppress'd ;
 But hope and fortitude endure,
 What time and patience but can cure,
 And succour the distressed.

At last, the voice of liberty
 And stern permission to be free,
 Are sounded in his ears :
 He lays his cursed chains aside,
 And, starting up in freedom's pride,
 Half mad with joy appears.

And, like young eagle bounding forth,
 In all the hope and fire of youth,
 Impatient of delay,
 He sought unweariedly the scene
 Where once so happy he had been
 In love's enraptured sway.

Of any thing but bliss no thought—
 His late misfortunes counted naught,
 By pain nor fear harassed ;
 Though, first, his parents claimed his care,
 He thought an hour to see his fair,
 And reached her home at last.

Long rows of coaches lined the park,
 And lights shot gleaming through the dark—
 Was this a time for doubt?—
 Poor Fresco struggled through the crowd,
 Which all in silence gazing stood,
 Within doors and without.

Ye by imagination freed,
 And dead to fancy, cease to read,
 And all the senseless tribe—
 What Fresco came to undergo
 I leave to fancy and to wo,
 And others to describe.

When he with bloodshot eye surveyed
 Silas and his inconstant maid
 Before the Vicar stand,

One glance, and Fresco knew no more—
 But instinct led him from the door
 And from his native land.

He strove his thoughts to leave behind,
 But those seemed wafted by the wind
 Which bore him o'er the sea :
 Day, as the dreary night, did seem
 A hopeless, never-waking dream—
 A dream of misery !

To see the noble youth constrained
 To taste of sorrow, true or feigned,
 Which is assigned to wo,
 Must pity him, ye giddy crew,
 And all who mis'ry ever knew,
 And e'en man's greatest foe.

That form, majestic as a king,
 That brow, unclouded as the ring
 Which binds the Summer's sun,
 Is now—O ! what a contrast now !—
 That graceful form and smiling brow
 No longer is the same !

Yon pale, attenuated one,
 Thoughtful, beside the rocking stern,
 Is he the noble youth ?—
 A shadow, without hope or fear,
 Within India's savage sphere,
 Beyond consoling truth !

But pain, like pleasure, e'er is found
 Capricious, inconstant, unbound,
 Ungained, to all still free ;
 They by each other's aid exist,
 Where one is wanting, both are miss'd—
 Assisting mutually.

New prospects to poor Fresco rise,
 Which he beholds with joyous eyes—
 His day of peace is come :
 A letter, from a well-known hand,
 Had found him in this distant land,
 And caused him to haste home.

Utina, on that fatal night
 Which robbed her Fresco of delight,
 Had seen and knew he lived—
 Her vows were cancelled long ago
 From him who had deceived her so—
 And bitterly she grieved.

Now see this happy, happy pair,
 Ye virtuous, and ne'er despair,
 When found in wisdom's read ;

The good, indeed, are often sad,
 But never suffer like the bad,
 Because their friend is God.
 And other joys on him await,
 To bless anew his happy state,
 For parents he did find ;
 Though they more tender scarce could be
 Than those who nursed his infancy,
 They still could be more kind.
 Affluent, childless, but for him,
 No kindred else from them to claim
 Long-nurtured tenderness :
 Ah ! may the virtuous ever be
 Half-happy as this family,
 Delivered from distress.
 Still, 'tis the poet's to explain
 Some mysteries which yet remain
 Connected with his tale :
 A lazy nurse young Fresco cast
 Into the stream, as by she past,
 Not wishing it to kill ;
 And cunningly put in its stead
 One like the same, but lately dead,
 And thus its friends deceived ;
 Nor knew they better till the maid
 Was hopeless on her death-bed laid—
 And thus the truth revealed.

HAPPINESS.

Oh, Happiness ! O heaven-born Saint !
 Whom none but madmen e'er could paint—
 Whom none but madmen wish to see—
 Who none but madmen hope to be,—
 O shadow of the poet's mind,
 To me, for me this truth O blind !
 Oh, madness, take me to thyself,
 And let me hope for happiness !
 Fond nature, guide me once again,
 And learn me think as other men ;
 Teach me to live in hope of naught,
 As thou hast thousands ever taught ;
 Teach me to fear no other wo
 Than that the truth I once may know,—
 Then, O then, shall I know bliss
 And sublunary happiness.

A FRAGMENT.

Among the sons of men that candid are,
 To tell their history, and without reserve,
 John Portsa is, who now, in formal verse,
 Does to the world his various fortunes show,
 His travels and his 'bidings, and himself,—
 Thus while he paints, may he not model yours?
 His is your nature, but he hopes your fates
 Have been unlike his own in many parts,
 And like his too.—Though floated by the wave
 On which our lives are cast, he has enjoyed
 Some precious moments, stationed here and there,
 To pay misfortune for a little ease.
 You ride the billow, at each roll which threatens
 To drown you in the certain end of all;
 On this account despair not, nor too much hope,
 For impossibilities still will be.
 And why despair, when Providence around
 Displays its power and its will to serve?
 On Age's sea, that less tempestuous is,
 I am arrived, more certain to o'erwhelm;
 And, viewing all the voyage of the past,
 At one glance, I can sum up the amount,
 And paint the colouring, not with Guido's skill,
 But with the art of not the meanest dunce
 That shows in actions, not in words his acts.
 How proud to boast Columbia gave me birth—
 The happy soil a Washington that bore!—
 Thanks to my fathers for their coming here,
 Thanks to the land that yielded such a race
 As that which awed the threat'ning tyrants' power,
 And faced their thunders to support our rights.
 How proud to boast Virginia is my home,
 The spot so blessed that gave John Portsa life—
 The kind old Virgin of a potent land,
 That nursed her Sisters with a parent's care,
 Until in all their grace they shine sublime,
 The lovely family of the Western 'sphere.
 How often in Europa's savage states,
 When violence was menaced by the boor,
 Thy name, Columbia, has rescued from harm,
 And spread a supper for thy hungry son!
 The cautious youths, in eager glances, mark
 My foreign face, and hinted by their sire
 From whence I came;—with rival kindness strive
 To please the wand'rer of Virginia's clime,
 And take delight in whispering in their hearts,
 With looks intent, "He breathes the air of freedom."

Their fancies are expanded while they gaze,
 Their prepossession flatters something more
 Exalted in the stranger's looks—and marked
 With some expression of his happy home,
 Their souls take fire—impatient they to taste
 The many blessings that in freedom are.
 The lasses put on all their mystic charms
 To catch the notice of their honoured guest ;
 And, if one smile play round the traveller's face,
 Each claims the honour that she is the cause—
 And ne'er forget, but talk with fresh delight
 Of each transaction of that novel night.
 Long live our Union—ever-happy states—
 Long live the temple sacred to the Muse ;
 On her loved altar have I offered up,
 As sacrifice, a portion of my blood ;
 And should it be to raise her glory more,
 What now remains would I as freely give.
 Could years of future life, to me ordained,
 Produce the birth of one more patriotic
 Unto her glory, would I give life up,
 And leave a vacancy for one more blest.
 I've passed through many scenes, and know them all—
 Though from experience of a thousand lives,
 Man would return, and be as erring still.
 You see the course from me you should pursue
 To reap the blessings that have been to me,
 And the best way to shun the dreaded ill.

WISDOM, WITH AND WITHOUT GENIUS.

Two kinds of sapience there are—
 One smooth, irradiated, fair,
 Like meadow-stream, scarce murmuring runs,
 That well the drought and freshet shuns ;
 The other kind inconstant, slow,
 (Sometimes the screen of ignorance, though ;)
 'Twould like the headlong torrent roar,
 That seeks its grave on ocean's shore—
 Unhelped by genius, though it rage,
 Its force, if force, it will assuage.
 Like child, unguarded, on the brink
 Of some dark pool or murky sink,
 Should, heedless, it essay to climb
 Above the false and treacherous slime,
 Perchance its balance shall be lost,
 And in the filthy stream he's tost.

PLEASURES OF THE HUSBANDMAN.

The man in-doors, with books pent up,
 Tastes but the gall of Wisdom's cup ;
 He sees with others' eyes the bliss,
 Which, seeing, never can be his ;—
 Scarce knows the Seasons, that they change,
 And half the joys that with them range.
 But he with gladness who walks forth,
 When Sol has lit his native South,
 Marks every change with joyous eye,
 In hill, in valley, and in sky :
 In emulation sees each bud
 Put forth its kind to greet its God.
 Each herb, each sprig, each tree, each bough,
 Beholds in vernal, verdant show ;
 Marks all the prospect with delight,
 And lays up musings for the night.
 These are the joys of home and ease,
 The sweets of all the Farmer's peace.

RAGHWA TO SEETA.

FROM A HINDOO POEM.

Son of the venerable parent, hear :
 'Tis Seeta speaks—attentive turn thy ear.
 Well art thou not assured and resigned
 To each, as virtue, is his lot assigned ?
 And that a wife a husband's portion shares
 Dividing all his peace and all his cares ?
 Therefore, with thee, a mutual lot I claim
 To share all good and ill, all praise and shame.
 Not in the smile is found a woman's bliss,
 Of father, mother, friend, nor in herself ;—
 Her husband is her only portion here :
 If thou depart into the forest drear,
 Where danger and distress limp through the day,
 I will precede and smooth the thorny way—
 Unblamed and unforbidden let me stray. }
 O chide me not ; for where the husband is,
 In house, in forest, earthly pain or bliss—
 Within the palace, on the car of state,
 Or in condition low—his be my fate.
 My mother and my father left by me,
 I have no dwelling-place distinct from thee.
 Forbid me not ; for in the wilderness,
 Hostile to man—surrounded by distress
 And savageness—with thee I'll surely dwell,
 And feel as in a palace, ever well.

This dreary, horrid waste shall ever be
 Sweet as my father's stately house to me,—
 And all the noise of happiness or wo
 Shall not deface the kindness which I owe
 To thee and all thy moments, good or bad,
 Elate with joy, or quite dejected, sad.
 I will not burden thee.—Refuse me not—
 Be thine, also, my constant, self-same lot;
 But shouldst thou, dear Raghwa, this prayer deny—
 If torn from thee, know I resolve to die.

THE SAILOR REPENTANT.

When first of Ocean's thrilling joy
 I heard the seamen tell,
 I longed, though but a little boy,
 On the dark surge to dwell.
 But, ah! that day that I left home
 To try the dangerous sea—
 O! had that day have never come—
 Had never come to me!
 To be for ever tost and thrown
 All by the merciless wave,
 And unto unknown regions blown—
 Perhaps to find a grave!
 From friends and kindred far away,
 Dejected, sick, and sad,—
 No heart to mourn, no heart to pray
 The hapless sailor lad!
 Enduring hunger, wet, and cold,
 For pleasure and for gain,—
 Take ye the pleasure and the gold
 Who won't at home remain,
 For, now, I'm safe at fireside,
 My wandering all o'er:
 Contented, seated with my bride,
 I'll go to sea no more.

A FRIEND.

How pleasant 'tis to have a friend,
 Sedate, mild, faithful, and discreet,—
 To chide when wrong, when right commend,
 To feel as we,—O! it is sweet!
 Be him but true, with many faults—
 Still all his faults we must excuse:

Forgiveness, friendship's worth exalts,—
 Condemn—we gain not, but we lose.

The man who would a friend betray,
 And place him, himself, in others' power,
 Should still live on, from day to day,
 Without a friend from hour to hour.

That be his curse.—Oh, what a state
 To have a faithless friend or none!
 'Tis then a man may live too late,
 And be, alas! indeed undone!

But they who walk in wisdom's way,
 As men and friends, each to assist,
 May well on death look with dismay,
 And wish for ever to exist!

THE LESSER CRITICS—A TALE.

Believe not those who highest raise
 The day-existing song of praise,—
 Were they on 'tother side, be sure
 They would abuse as much or more.
 Thou sage critic, incline thine ear,
 (At once the scribbler's friend and fear :)
 Perchance thou'st criticised poor me,
 And now I'll criticise poor thee.
 Did ever you, for mischief's love,
 An empty drumhead's noise approve?
 Did ever you, for fashion's sake
 And love of gain—all truth at stake—
 Praise things no better than *you* write,
 And say they were the perfect quite?
 Have *you* done this, my quill-highness?—
 Well, then, you know whom I address.
 Be not intentionally blind—
 Men may have eyes without a mind.
 An animal there once did live—
 Enough—useless his name to give :
 Yet, hold! this much might well be said,
 That he was not a quadruped.
 “Indeed!—Why what then could he be?
 A toad?”—No; wait, and you shall see.
 This beast so ugly was inclined
 That he was shunned by bestial kind,—
 Detestable to all that knew,
 And scoffed by all who chanced to view.
 Long thus his race the biped ran,
 Unowned by any breathing clan;
 The goat e'en mocked so low a brute,
 And every donkey followed suit.

Our hero galled to madness quite,
 Against the Ass turned all his spite—
 And strove to show by every shift
 That he was ugly as himself.
 But none regarded, none believed,
 And much more sorely was he grieved :
 Some who, before, thought Jack a fright,
 Believed him now a pleasant sight—
 And made our hero's spite all vain,
 Or turned it on himself again.
 He found *this* plan would never do,
 And sought another to pursue.
 Saw *this* scheme take with happiness,
 Astonished at his own success :
 No more derided the poor Ass,
 But let his imperfections pass.
 Praised now where once he used to jeer—
 His modest look, his comely ear :
 Praised every failing for a beauty,
 And every body thought Jack pretty.
 And *his own* beauty, too, was seen,
 And all forgot what he had been ;
 All praised our worthies well, they say,
 And Jack and him both had their day.

PLEASURES OF THE MORNING.

Sweet breath of the morning,
 How cheering thou art—
 Sweet scenes of the dawning,
 Ye pleasures impart !
 Sweet thoughts of the young day,
 How joyous and pure—
 Sweet beams of the first ray,
 Ye charm evermore !
 Sweet hopes, that attend now
 Each throb of the heart,
 O never—O will ye ! how
 Can ye depart !

A VIRGINIA BARBECUE.

Ye who love good eating, just go to a 'Cue—
 Ye'll find and enjoy it there, I warrant you.
 Who ever went there and ne'er got enough ?
 Who ever went there and found the meat tough ?
 Who ever went there and came mad away ?
 Who ever went there, *and kept steady all day ?*

Who ever went there, discontent or distrest—
 Who ever went there with sorrow opprest—
 Who ever went there deep in love or in grief,
 And did not immediately find some relief?
 Enjoyment here presides as the host,
 And he who's least welcome is welcome the most.
 Freedom and Frolic here hold their domain,
 And good sense and wit all folly restrain :
 Here, age may be youth and live o'er its days,
 Here, virtue is honored and wisdom finds praise,
 Here, wealth and poverty, meekness and pride,
 Commingle in one and sit side and side.
 Formality here, and modish nonsense-
 Is held in contempt, and banished hence ;
 Contention and strife must here have an end
 While each is a neighbor and each is a friend.
 Republican plainness and candor preside,
 And all kind of precedence here is denied.
 Here sweethearts are toasted and sweet wives are lov'd ;
 Virtue commended and vice is reprov'd.
 Ye ball-room revels and parties of Lou,
 Give me the Barbecue—Devil take you.

THE DRUM.

Let others talk of quivering strings,
 Of sounding-boards and such low things ;
 Of all their soothing harmony—
 But still the thundering Drum for me.
 It wakes the soul's sublimest sense,
 As peal on peal it echoes round
 Thrills through the heart and forces hence
 All but its ecstasy of sound.
 And oft and pleasing too the fife,
 Breaks on the ear discordantly,
 Reminding us of some bold strife
 Of ancestors for liberty.
 Come, jolly hearts, with me approve,
 The waking rattlings of the Drum ;
 And soldiers, all, who fighting love,
 Join in its praise sincerely—come.
 Let others talk of quivering strings,
 Of sounding-boards and such low things ;
 Of all their soothing harmony—
 But still the thundering Drum for me.

THE HOUR AT EVE.

When silent eve puts on her dusky garb,
 And murmurs rock the watchful soul to rest ;
 How soothing 'tis, experiencing alone
 The placid joy which lingers at the breast !
 The sleepy sawyer, or the cheerful crick—
 The beetle humming through his drowsy flight—
 The stars that glance upon the falling sun—
 To contemplation all—to rest invite.—

Ah, happy he, divested of all crime
 That rends the wounded heart with vengeful ire ;
 Who may enjoy this retributive hour—
 At peace with all, unto his couch retire.

But ah! the wretch whom conscience doth accuse,
 With acts committed by the solar light,
 Seeks rest in vain—in vain from torment flies—
 His deeds show plainest in the darkest night.

For me, as now, when life itself shall wane
 And all the evening of my days come on ;
 May I, contented, lay me down to sleep,
 And ne'er repent that ever I was born.

 A GANDER PULL!!!

You've heard of cock-fights—baits of bull—
 Did you ever, of a Gander pull ?
 If you havn't, I have, so I'll tell,
 And mind you understand me well.

A pole is cut, tall, limber, sound—
 And one end fastened to the ground ;—
 A fork about the middle's placed,
 And 'tother end is upwards raised.

A rope from upper end's let loose
 And holds the legs of gander or goose,
 Whose neck is of its plumes released,
 And then made slick by being greased.

One on each side, with whip in hand,
 To urge the horses, takes his stand—
 And now all preparation's done,
 Each rider mounts—and *now* the fun !
 Bestride on horse, or mule, or ass,
 Each round the circle swift doth pass,
 And as each comes by the goose quite,
 Gives her a pull with all his might ;
 Who straight doth squall, but squalls not long,
 For death soon interrupts her song.

And now the crowd, full of delight,
 Gaze on enraptured at the sight ;
 And in each changing of the game
 Join in the laugh and loud acclaim.
 Here comes a whiskered son of man,
 The foremost of the hopeful clan,
 Who gives a pull both hard and long,
 That head must come were neck not strong.
 His knees rise o'er his donkey's mane,
 And neck as arched as a crane ;
 His stirrups short, his heels appear
 Far out behind his horse's rear.
 With six-inch spurs he is supplied,
 But can't for life, touch horse's side.
 Next rides a youth, with no less grace,
 With sanguine hope marked in his face—
 A mouth that might tempt fair one's kisses—
 So eager, lo ! the head he misses,
 And passes on—and close beside
 Comes something like a man astride.
 At this unlucky time, alas !
 The goose doth squall—the horse won't pass—
 And whip, and spur, and cane, and curse,
 But tend to make the matter worse,
 For backward, like a crab he goes,
 His rump where ought to be his nose.
 Next comes a Yonker on a mule,
 His beast, by much, the lesser fool,
 With pendent ears and meekest face
 That well attest his honored race.
 His gait is borrowed from the snail,
 And nothing moves him but a frail.
 The knowing ones back well his rider,
 Whose face is marked with grog or cider ;
 Whose heaving chest is full and wide,
 And well his brawny arm was tried.
 His hair hung flowing o'er his face,
 His nose was in the proper place—
 His head too was on nature's plan,
 Upon the shoulders of a man.
 And round and round they move amain,
 And pull and pull, but all in vain.
 (A head of twenty summers' growth
 To leave its parent stock is loth.)
 While some were landed in the dirt,
 Some tore a coat and some a shirt ;
 And once our friend of the long hair
 Had been suspended in the air
 Before the manly sport was done—
 Before the prize was lost and won.

At last a water-jointed fellow,
 With countenance savage, meagre, sallow,
 Having slyly roughed his soapy hand
 By rubbing thoroughly with sand,
 Stretching as thin as any slab—
 Reached up and gave the head a grab,
 And bore it down upon his hip
 With claws of a most giant grip—
 With clenched teeth and glaring eyes
 He bore away the bleeding prize.
 The earth did tremble with the shout,
 And thunders seemed to burst about.
 “Huzza!” was heard on every side,
 And rode the victor in his pride.
 Ye that have witnessed no such scene
 Have not been blessed as I have been:
 And should you hear of one about
 You’ll go and see—yourself—no doubt.
 Good-night unto you old and young,
 Just read the song which I have sung;
 And should it not be neat and plain
 Then are my labors all in vain.

THE HONEST MECHANIC.

I envy no king, lord, or great emperor;
 No general nor doctor, nor man of the law;
 No coxcomb his pleasure, no miser his wealth;
 (I live not by cunning nor yet lower stealth.)
 I envy no mortal that ever was made
 While I’m a Mechanic who live by my trade.
 Let others for honor or fame spend their days,
 Their laurels I scorn them, my pastime their praise.
 In mis’ry for riches let some toil for me,
 And gather vile trash from the land and the sea;
 If I’ve money or merit I make no parade—
 An honest Mechanic who lives by his trade.
 My wife is affectionate, loving and kind,
 My children as worthy as any you’ll find;
 And as I’ve aided them, to me aid will they give
 When I am grown aged. Thus let me live.
 And may some friend say when I’m in the ground laid,
 “Here lies a Mechanic that lived by his trade.”

THE END.



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